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Selections.

THE WAY TO SAVE THE COUNTRY.

[Extract from GERRIT SMITH'S Speech, delivered in Washington, D. C., March 1, 1862.]

Do you ask how the country can be saved? The answer is at hand: Stop all your other fighting, and fight but against the rebels. Another answer is also at hand: Stop taking counsel of Kentucky, and take counsel of the nation. I am not prejudiced against Kentucky. I love her. I have gazed with delight upon her surpassingly rich blue grass fields, and the fine breeds of cattle grazing upon them. I have enjoyed her unstinted hospitality. I have conversed with her fascinating Henry Clay, and with others of her great men. I acknowledge the eminent bravery of her people. Nevertheless, I cannot admit that the advice of Kentucky should be taken in this war. It can but lead to destruction. For this is a war which slavery has brought upon us. Hence a slave State—a State which is still under the infatuating power of slavery—is not fit to give advice in it. Anti-slavery men, and anti-slavery men only, are fit to shape your policy against a pro-slavery war. Indeed, the very best counsellors we could have at this juncture are such men as Garrison and Phillips, and Bryant and Jay, and Tyng and Cheever, and Frederick Douglass. You need men in your national councils at this time who know all about slavery—men who have made the monster their life-study. Drunkards know little of drunkenness. Their very drunkenness disables them from knowing much of it. It is the clear-eyed Temperance men who know all about it. Slaveholders know little of slavery. Their very slaveholding disables them from knowing much of it. They are its blinded victims—scarcely less blinded than their fellow-victims, the slaves. It is the clear-eyed Abolitionists who know all about slavery. Had this been a rebellion of the whiskey-makers and whiskey-drinkers, you would not have gone to distillers and drunkards for counsel how to resist and conquer it. But, as well might you as to make slaveholders your advisers against this pro-slavery rebellion. So far from our needing the advice of Kentucky how to save the nation, most emphatically does she need our advice how to save herself. What is the one thing which has set her people to cutting one another's throats? Slavery! But she does not see it. What is the one thing which would have kept the war without her borders? Just that which has kept it out of the contiguous States of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois—Anti-Slavery! But she does not see it. Had not slavery made them stone-blind, the statesmen of Kentucky would instantly see that, in protecting and cherishing slavery, they are protecting and cherishing the viper which is stinging her to death. Were we involved in any other than a pro-slavery war, such able and admired men as Crittenden and Davis, Guthrie and Holt would be competent to give us valuable counsel. But as a proof how unfit even such a high-minded gentleman as Garrett Davis is to counsel us in this war, he proposes on the floor of the Senate to have some of the best and noblest men in the land put to death, simply because they are opposed to slavery. To say the least, he betrays great weakness in this. As he is my namesake, and is perhaps partial to me, I will call it nothing worse than weakness. The general principle, which forbids the trusting of Kentucky wisdom in this crisis, is: "Never trust a person in a matter where his interest is against you—and especially if he is manifestly blinded or seduced by that interest." For illustration—should Polygamy get up a rebellion against our government, do not rely largely on the help of Brigham Young to put it down. He would be likely to prove as weak and unwise against a Polygamy rebellion as does Garrett Davis against a pro-slavery one.

Nevertheless, I say, God be good to Kentucky! We will save her if she will let us. We will save her if she will not interpose slavery in the way of our saving her. At great cost of Northern life and treasure are we now clearing her of traitors. What could she do in her present distresses without the help of the free States against the slave States? The slave States are her foes. The free States are her friends. A very ungrateful return does she make to the free States in refusing to surrender the guilty and sole cause of the war—a very cruel return in clinging to slavery, and in thus keeping open the way for repetitions of the war and for repetitions of Northern sacrifices on her account.

But Kentucky and Missouri, Maryland and Delaware say: "Our slavery has constitutional rights." They should not be saying so at this time. Nothing has rights now but our distressed and beloved country. This is no time to be mousing through the Constitution in quest of personal or any other rights. But this is the very time for us all to exclaim out of the fullness of our hearts: "Our property is nothing, our life is nothing, only as they can be used, constitutionally or unconstitutionally, toward putting down this piratical and diabolical rebellion."

But Kentucky and Missouri, Maryland and Delaware go on to say that if they give up their slaves they should be paid for them. From early manhood I have steadily and earnestly held that the North, inasmuch as she is, to say the least, an equally guilty partner with the South in the stupendous robbery of slavery, should be willing to share with her in the present or temporary loss of emancipation. This I have held notwithstanding no one abominates more than I do the idea of property in man. Let the States I have named hasten to abolish slavery, and in this wise to make sure and speedy the defeat of the rebellion, and I am sure that the heart of the North will go out not only in justice but in wide generosity toward all their loyal slaveholders who have suffered loss by such abolition. Liberally will she expend money toward repairing the loss; and her gratitude and love will go along with her money.

I said stop taking advice of Kentucky. If our nation is lost, it will be because of the large influence of the Border States in her counsels. A simpleton, seeing that the squirrels in attacking corn-fields began upon the border rows, declared he would invent and get a patent for a corn-field without border rows. I am not so simple as to propose that a nation shall dispense with Border States. But I am wise enough to wish that there were no pro-slavery Border States. Far more dangerous to our nation are the pro-slavery Border States than are the border rows to the corn-field. Far more dangerous are the slaveholders in the one than the squirrels in the other.

I advised taking counsel of the nation instead of Kentucky. All the States north of the Border States would to-day vote the abolition of slavery. They would do so not for the sake of abolishing slavery, but for the sake of abolishing the rebellion. They do not claim that the abolition of slavery is the object of the war. That any do is a gross slander. But they do claim that it is right and obligatory to put down anything and everything which stands in the way of putting down the rebellion.

Had the President of the United States, who is a man not of strong mind only, but of strong intentions to do justice, been born in New England, instead of Kentucky, the rebellion would have been overcome long ago. With his New England education he would have let Cameron's anti-slavery have its mighty way, and the proclamation of the intrepid and manly Pathfinder have its mightier way. He would, at the very beginning of the war, have decided that slavery could not be taken care of by the government, but must be left to take care of itself; or, in other words, that the slaveholder must, as well as the farmer, merchant and manufacturer, take the chances of war. Nay, with a true New England education, he would, at the very first, have given a death-blow to the rebellion by allowing colored men to be a part of the seventy-five thousand troops he called for. One black regiment would have been sufficient to secure a speedy end to the war, and to save us from the loss of a hundred thousand lives and a thousand million of dollars. For it would have been sufficient to advertise the four million and a half of enslaved and free blacks which was the side of their friends—which was the side for them to sympathize with and serve. I, of course, assume that had there been such a regiment, other things would have been in harmony. There would then have been no repelling and outraging of the negroes, and no alienation of them from our good cause to help the South win them to her had one.

Ever since the President modified Fremont's proclamation, and indicated so strongly that hatred and oppression were still to be the policy of the government toward the negroes, I have strongly feared that our country was lost. For, believing that the South would be pressed by our victories and by the persuasive counsels and tempting offers of Europe to proclaim emancipation, I have strongly feared that her negroes, bond and free, would be drawn by the proclamation and driven by our hostile attitude toward them to identify themselves with the cause of the South. The time for the South to take this step with undoubting certainty that it would crown her cause with triumph was when she found herself disappointed in her expectations of both Northern and European aid. But it is probably not yet too late. If taken now, she will hardly fail to gain her independence. Sad result this of our persevering crimes against one dark-skinned brother! And yet, if it be the Divine decree that the innocent slave shall be freed and the guilty nation destroyed, who shall arraign its wisdom? The nation on our South will be an exceedingly base one—for the great mass of its whites will be scarcely less ignorant and servile than the great mass of its blacks. It will, of course, have no other than an intensely despotic government. Our own long and narrow remnant of a nation will soon be broken up into two or three nations. Such will be the end of the grand republic that loved slavery more than liberty! Strongly do I fear that you stand to-day on the very brink of national ruin. Strongly do I fear that, if government shall persist a few weeks longer in the insane policy of driving the negroes and Europe along with them (for Europe will go with the negroes) into a cordial union with the Southern cause, you cannot escape from falling into this ruin.

But nothing of what I have said of emancipation by the South do you believe will come to pass. I own it will not if you shall hasten to deal justly and wisely with the negroes. And I own it will not if you shall anticipate emancipation by your surrender to the South. Your acceptance from her of anything short of an unconditional surrender will be your base and guilty surrender to her. No government can come into a compromise with the rebels against it without perishing in the compromise. But all that I have said of emancipation by the South will probably come to pass if whilst continuing the war against the rebels you shall also continue the war against the negroes.

Why will not the South emancipate? Other peoples have done so in the straits of war. It has been repeatedly done on this side of the Atlantic, and within the lifetime of our aged men. To repel the English invaders of Hayti the French planters armed and emancipated their slaves. To defeat Spain her American colonists did likewise. Will the South, because she loves slavery, refuse to emancipate? It is true that she loves it, but she hates the North more. Will she refuse to emancipate because it was in the interest of slavery that she began the war? The blows which she is exchanging with the North have become her ruling interest, and slavery is comparatively forgotten by her. The original cause of a quarrel is quite apt to sink in importance, if not indeed to be entirely lost sight of. To achieve her independence of the despised Yankees the South would sacrifice everything else, "All that a man hath will he give for his life." That independence is dearer to the South than life, and to die achieving it would be far more welcome to her than to live without it.

But could the South, even with the earnest help of all her blacks, bond and free, successfully defend herself against the North? Our nation was busied several years, and at the cost of forty million of dollars and many lives, in conquering the handful of Indians and negroes in Florida. A terrible element in war, especially a guerrilla war, would be the millions of Southern negroes, with their intimate knowledge of all retreats in marsh and mountain, with their habits of coarse and scanty fare, and with their powers of well nigh inexhaustible endurance.

But need we study in this connection the capacities of the negroes in war? Would it not be morally impossible to prolong the war with the rebels after their resort to emancipation, and their abolition of the cause of the war? Would not the moral sense of the world, including even that of the North itself, forbid it? Emancipation by the South would but too probably be the division of the nation. Not a day, then, should be lost in anticipating by our justice and benevolence to the negroes, this apprehended measure of the South.

Admitting it to be not certain that the negroes will in any event become our enemies, our armed and deadly enemies—nevertheless, can we afford to incur the risk of their becoming such by persevering in our unrighteous and cruel treatment of them? We cannot, as it respects our war with the rebels; we cannot, as it respects our relations with Europe. The impatient and harsh spirit manifested by England in the matter of the Trent, and the purpose of England, France, and Spain, to establish a monarchy, and that too of the Austrian type, in Mexico, are among the indications that Europe's jealousy of Democracy is on the increase, and that at no distant day she will break out in fearful war upon it. Surely, surely, the present is no time for us to be making enemies, and making them so gratuitously, too. But this is our time to be making friends—friends of all men—of black as well as white men. Now is emphatically our time to make our institutions sound and strong, and to eliminate from them every element of weakness and corruption.

I advised you to take counsel of the nation, instead of Kentucky. I close with beseeching you to take counsel of God. Take it of Him, and you will be safe. "The name of the Lord is a strong tower: the righteous runneth into it and is safe." "Thou hast a mighty arm: strong is thy hand and high is thy right hand."

"*Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott:*
Eine gute Wehr und Waffen:"

Take counsel of Him, and you will quickly drop your policy of "Reconstruction." A guiltier policy there is nowhere under the sun. For what can he guiltier than to repeat the preëminent crime and reëstablish the blood-drenched system of our national slaveholding? Nor can there be a madder policy than to put back the nation into the hands of that matchless Barbarism, that Infernal Power, which has broken it up—and at the cost of so much life and treasure. But, thank God, "Reconstruction" is impossible! You might as well undertake to set back into their former position, shape, and appearance, the tossed and tumbled buildings of the city which an earthquake has plowed up, as undertake to restore slavery after the tossings and tumblings it is getting in this war. Moreover, ere they get through this war the people of the free States will have had enough of slavery—quite enough of it to cure them of any remaining disposition to reëstablish it. I cannot hope that the border slave States will also become so sick of slavery as to be willing to give it up. For I have had too much proof that a people very rarely give up slavery until they are obliged to. A community, in which though not more than one in fifty is a slaveholder, will nevertheless be under the sway of slavery. It will be ignorant and poor. The intelligence and wealth in it, and therefore the power, will be concentrated in the handful of slaveholders. How strikingly is this clinging to slavery exemplified in the case of Western Virginia! Northern troops hurried to deliver her out of the hands of traitors. Nevertheless, she is to-day, like Kentucky, a more dangerous enemy to the North and to the Union than is a Gulf State. In going for the Union she gets the confidence of the friends of the Union. In going at the same time for slavery, and making far more account of it than of the Union, she betrays the friends, and vitally stabs the cause of the Union. Even Delaware, although she has but one or two thousand slaves, is still, as may be seen in the course of both her State and National Legislators, in the hands of the Slave Power. Nevertheless, I repeat it, that "Reconstruction" is impossible. Slavery has received its mortal wound. The rebels meant to give it an endless life. But their own hands are bringing it to a speedy death. Devotees of "Reconstruction!" be you in Congress, the Cabinet, or the Army, you will very likely kill your country and kill yourselves by persevering in your folly. But be assured that you cannot save slavery from being also killed. The question is no longer whether slavery shall die. The sole question now is whether our slavery-bewildered nation shall live. It will live, if the government resolve, unconditionally, that it shall. But it will not live if the government persist in the purpose that slavery shall also live.

I said that slavery must die in this war. How painful would be the prospect of its surviving the war! There is sometimes a partial recompense for the horrors of war in the good which grows out of it, or, to say the least, follows it. But how pertinent will be the inquiry, "To what purpose is this waste?" if, notwithstanding all our various and boundless sacrifices in this war, the crime and curse of slavery shall still be upon us? The saddest of all wars will this be, should the hateful and guilty cause of it continue.

Once more I beseech you to take counsel of God. For then will He inspire you with love and justice toward all men, black and white, slaves and slaveholders. Then will you be moved to enact laws in the presence of which all persons will be equal; in the presence of which the lash will fall from the hand of the oppressor, and the chains from the limbs of the oppressed; in the presence of which parents and children shall own each other, and guiltless husbands and wives no longer be torn to returnless distances from each other; and in the presence of which it shall no longer be a crime to learn to read the Bible and to spell the name of Jesus Christ. Take counsel of God, and then you will tie the North and the South together in bonds never more to be broken. The North and the South, which should be equally loved by us all, and which, if I know my heart, are equally loved by me, would no longer be diverse in their interests and opposite in their character and mutually repellant. But they would be blended in a harmonious whole and in a homogeneous nation. Take counsel of Him, and then will America be what she has always professed to be, but never yet been, the great light-house of the world, to guide the voyaging nations through darkness to light, through storms to peace, through oppressions to freedom, through the ignorance and deprivation of human rights to the knowledge and enjoyment of them. Then, in a word, will America have a people worthy of the rich provision which the great and good Father has made for the dwellers in this broad and beautiful land.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

VIEWS OF MR. GARRISON.

From The Liberator.

THE Message that was transmitted to Congress by President Lincoln on the 6th instant, recommending the passage by that body of a resolution, proffering the pecuniary coöperation of the United States in case any slave State shall adopt a gradual abolishment of slavery, has excited deep interest and universal discussion. We will very briefly say what we think of it.

First—as to its style. It is very evident that the President writes all his own messages; for they are all alike bunglingly expressed, and quite discreditable in that particular as official documents. Take, for example, the paragraph in which "the initiation of emancipation" is reiterated in such a jumbling manner in the course of half a dozen lines. But this is a trifling matter, though deserving of criticism. The Cabinet should help the President to mend his phraseology.

Second—The resolution proposed for adoption by the President gives no reason for such an anomalous overture to the slave States; it says nothing about any national or governmental exigency rendering the measure necessary or expedient; upon the face of it, it has no relation to the war, in which alone, even as a suggestion, it can find any constitutional warrant; and it is without limitation as to the period in which the offer may be accepted. In all these particulars it is radically defective.

Third—It offers a bounty to all the States that are in confederate rebellion against the government, as much as to any so-called loyal slave States; and this it cannot do with any sort of propriety, justice, or consistency. Treason is not a purchasable or negotiable article; and traitors are not to be allowed to make terms with [illegible] they are seeking to overturn.

Fourth—It not only perversely recommends "a *gradual* abolishment of slavery," but by its very terms holds out no inducement for any State to immediately emancipate its slaves; whereas, slavery ought not to exist for one moment, and special inducements ought to be held out for its instant abolition as against a lingering process.

Fifth—The President is at war with common sense, sound reason, the teachings of history, the instincts and aspirations of human nature, the laws of political economy, and the uniform results of emancipation, when he says—"In my judgment, gradual and not sudden emancipation is better for all, in the mere financial or pecuniary view"—because no such paltry consideration is allowable, even if it were (as it surely is not) well founded. Ethically and pecuniarily, immediate emancipation is best for all parties; and the President is culpable for keeping up the old delusion of "gradualism." Away with it!

Sixth—The President, as well as Congress, in consequence of this slaveholding rebellion, and the dire extremity into which it has brought the nation, has *now* THE CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHT, POWER AND OPPORTUNITY to "proclaim liberty throughout all the land to all the inhabitants thereof"; and *neither the President nor Congress must be allowed to evade this solemn duty by any dodge of this kind.* "Now is the accepted time," and now let it be "the day of salvation." Multitudes of petitions from all the free States, signed by tens of thousands of estimable citizens, are before Congress, asking for the immediate abolition of slavery under the war power; and are these to be satisfied by proposing such a will-o'-th'-wisp as a substitute? Why wait for the dealers in human flesh to determine when they will deem it advisable to cease from their villany as a matter of pecuniary advantage and cunning speculation with the government, when the government is clothed with constitutional power to dispose of the whole matter, at once, without any huckstering or delay? "Let JUSTICE be done, though the heavens fall." President Lincoln, delay not at your peril! "Execute judgment in the morning—break every yoke—let the oppressed go free."

VIEWS OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

From the same.

THE sixth lecture before the Emancipation League was delivered in the Music Hall on Monday evening by Wendell Phillips, to a large audience. The lecturer commenced by saying that the friends of the Emancipation League meet now under the happiest auspices. All the news that comes to us is good, and favorable to their cause. All the signs of the times are on their side. The only danger is, lest the Northern people should take too much courage and relax their zeal, trust in the logic of events which they may think could only result in the emancipation of the blacks. This continent must be, at no distant day, under one government and one race, but it will take more than a quarter of a century to perfect the work. This is a war between the slaveholders and the influence which their system has persistently exerted upon ten million of people for the last thirty years. And it never will cease until the people are abolished, or slaveholders are. The only end to this war is in the total annihilation of one or the other. There is no probable ground for believing that the slaveholders can be converted; they must be expelled, or we must wait until they die out.

The contest between Kansas and Missouri was an epitome of that now raging between the North and South. Missouri invaded Kansas, and taught her to fight, so that five years of experience turned Kansas from an army of farmers to an army of Jayhawkers, which means Abolitionists with guns in their hands. And he would that all the 700,000 men of the North now in arms were Jayhawkers.

Another cause for congratulation is, that now, for the first time in the struggle, the President pronounces for us. From the holy of holies at Washington, we hear at last a voice. And I, for one, welcome that voice with my whole heart. It is one more sign of promise (applause). If the President has not entered Canaan, he has turned his face Zionward (great applause). In England, years ago, the government spoke just such quiet words, and later came the struggle of eleven hot years before which slavery went down. So do we believe our President's words are the handwriting on the wall (applause).

The lecturer further commented on the proclamation, saying that by it the President says in effect: "Gentlemen of the Border States, now is your time. If you want your money, take it, and if hereafter I should take your slaves without paying, don't say I did not offer to do it."

Another bow of promise. This proclamation comes unexpected, unannounced, like a thunderbolt in the clear sky, and from the entire Northern press goes up the voice of approval. This shows that the North is ready to follow where the President leads; and who can tell whither the next step will fall?

The President's proclamation is wonderfully suggestive, immensely pregnant with ideas. We have been told for the last fifty years that we must deal with slavery according to the strict letter of the Constitution; but where does the President find any authority for paying the slaveholders of Kentucky and Tennessee for their slaves, or for aiding people to get rid of a nuisance? The first line of the message recognizes the existence of a necessity which gives us powers utterly beyond the Constitution.

The Southern strength and purpose have not been aroused in vain. The root of the lack of appreciation is a lurking belief in the idea that the South is not united. Now, for all practical purposes, she is as much a unit as we were in the Revolution. During thirty years, the most bitter discussions have been carried on there, and the Southern people were educated to the height of hatred on this subject. And what do the so-called Unionists of Tennessee say? "We thought you were an army of Abolitionists—we find you are not, and we are Unionists." An admission that they fought for slavery. Conquer South Carolina, and she will send the same men to Congress that she did before. Let peace come and slavery remain, and what is the result? Five or six years [illegible] after intriguing with foreign nations, these Southern Secessionists will rise again with more success than now. And, leaving that aside, a long war is full of danger for republican institutions.

We are told by some that the South does not mean anything, is not in earnest. It is like the old hulk that we were told was so useless, and which came out at last, and sank two frigates. The South is united and in earnest, and it is to the death. The slaves will be liberated by them before they give up the struggle. It is to-day a race between Abe Lincoln and Jeff Davis which will arrive at emancipation first—and which does will succeed in the end.

Mr. Phillips occupied an hour and forty minutes in the delivery of his speech: it was a very able effort.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF THE CONFLICT.

[Extracts from the XXVIIIth Annual Report of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society.]

IN the attitude assumed by the Federal government towards her belligerent rebels, and the manner in which she conducts this war against them, is signally displayed the result of a long habit of subjection to the Slave Power. While the South boasts that she is fighting for slavery, the Federal government dares not wage its war in the name of liberty, but issues equivocal proclamations, which, in one paragraph, call Northern soldiers to crush the rebellion, and in the next assure the rebels that the institution which has caused the rebellion shall be respected and protected. It strangely alternates its attitudes of fear and of authority. The knee, so long bent, straightens slowly and painfully; the voice, so long accustomed to sue, is half frightened at its own tones of command. With one hand it strikes its rebels, and with the other offers them the old constitutional shield for the protection of their weakest points against its own blows. Its first utterance was an asseveration of loyalty to the duty of restoring fugitive slaves; and in perfect harmony with this spirit of submission to its late master were its instructions to its ministers abroad, that, in their intercourse with foreign governments, they should not allude to the origin or cause of our domestic difficulties, "and that they should indulge in no expressions of harshness or disrespect, or even impatience, concerning the seceded States, their agents, or their people." Too weak, in its timidity, to use the weapon which would have cleft its path straight through to victory, it called on the people to throng their temples of worship, and pray to God to suspend the operation of His laws, and make it possible for them to continue in sin without suffering its penalty.

And thus far, with occasional exceptions, may be seen in the conduct of the war, as in the original attitudes assumed by the parties, the same contrast [illegible] the Federal government and the leaders of the rebellion. While the South, like a foe bitterly in earnest, avails herself of all means of warfare at her command, and converts her slaves into soldiers, the North refuses the heartily proffered aid of her loyal colored citizens, and forbids them to join her armies. While the South forces into her service all Northern men found upon her soil, our government returns hundreds of slaves who have fled to its forts and camps for protection, and who would gladly fight under its banner. While the South assigned her prisoners of war to felons' cells, or compelled them to labor in her camps, the North bade hers to take the easy oath of allegiance to herself, and go in peace. A strange spectacle is presented to the world by rebels in arms, for the defence of slavery, against their government, repudiating its Constitution, defying its laws; and that government seeking to conciliate them by hunting their slaves, and in its zeal surpassing even constitutional requirements, and arresting and returning fugitives who had not escaped from one State to another, but were found on the soil of their own.

The fact that slavery was the cause of this dismemberment of the nation, is obvious to all excepting those who have shut their eyes to avoid seeing it. It is not only avowed by the instigators of the rebellion, but clearly discerned and unhesitatingly asserted by many a loyal slaveholder. Knowledge of the cause naturally suggests the cure; and it is the unwillingness of our government to accept the suggestion, which holds it in its present position of apparent weakness and embarrassment, which is tempting the scorn of foreign powers. Steadily and with all its force the United States government is resisting the mighty influence which, slowly and surely, is drifting it towards the policy of emancipation. In each defeat or failure, it casts about helplessly for aid, and calls for all weapons but the only sure one which lies within its grasp. And ever this invisible power presses on it a stern necessity, beneath which it trembles, and hesitates, and, perhaps unconsciously, moves towards its destiny. The indications of that destiny are increasing in numbers and in clearness. At the opening of the war, the Federal government gravely announced that it was not designed to disturb the institution of slavery. But the "irrepressible negro" *would* be an element in it. In the first encampment of Northern soldiers on Southern soil, he appeared, and from that hour to this, by his ever recurring presence, has been asking that yet unanswered question, "What shall be done with him?" Gen. Butler's first response to this question was an offer to suppress slave insurrections; his second, an assertion that the slaves of rebels are contraband of war; his third, a declaration that these fugitives are "men, women, and children, houseless, homeless, and unprovided for," whose claim to protection is the same as that of any other "men, women, and children who, for their attachment to the Union, had been driven or allowed to flee from the Confederate States." The response of Congress, to this question, in August last, was the enactment of a law which set free from their masters' claim all slaves who had been used in any military or naval service against the United States government. Now, in the Senate and the House, bills for the abolition of slavery in all the seceded States, are introduced, and earnestly advocated; and Simon Cameron, Secretary of War, tells the nation, that its wisest policy is to emancipate and arm the slaves. Fortress Monroe, sheltering a thousand fugitive slaves, United States vessels-of-war, at Port Royal, welcoming to the protection of their flag hundreds of these poor outcasts of earth, tell, in tones too loud and clear to be misunderstood, of a mighty change in the nation's heart. Gen. Fremont's proclamation, declaring free all slaves of rebels within his jurisdiction, and the enthusiasm with which it was received in the West and North, attested the same fact. And when the President of the United States strove to press back and hold down that rising tide in the popular heart, its next wave answered him by bearing Gen. Lane onward to a position far in advance of the anti-slavery policy of the rebuked and discarded commander in Missouri. That great voice of the people, the newspaper press, speaks in tones so strangely and so suddenly altered, that Abolitionists scarcely recognize it. Still conservative in its utterances, still timid in its policy, there breathes through it a spirit of kindliness towards the slave which tells that the shock of this revolution set free some latent sympathy for the oppressed in the American heart. After thirty years of persecution and calumny of themselves and their enterprise, Abolitionists read with wonder, in prominent journals of this city, defences or apologies for both, and respectful tributes to men whose names had hitherto been used as a cry wherewith to rally a mob; and see with joy their own arguments and phraseology adopted by those journals, and used as naturally as though they were their mother tongue.

While we carefully note and rejoice in each indication of progress in the right direction, we are fully aware of the imminent danger which threatens our nation. The danger which we apprehend and fear lies not in Southern fleets and armies, but in the Northern heart; the evil we dread is not an exhausted treasury, but exhausted moral strength, which easily yields to a compromise with wrong; not stagnant commerce, but stagnant honor, which leaps not up at the glorious name of liberty, urging the sacrifice of all meaner things in its behalf. The question is yet to be answered, whether slavery has fatally poisoned the life-blood of the nation, or whether there is enough vitality left to enable it to survive this critical hour. These days and weeks pass solemnly, for they go freighted with our nation's destiny; a destiny soon to be revealed for our glory or our shame. It is a dark sign of the times that the party in power, the party whose sole distinction was its opposition to the extension of slavery, should, in such an hour as this, manifest a higher devotion to the Union than to liberty; that its only organ in Washington should advertise fugitive slaves; that one of its most influential leaders should, apparently in complacent forgetfulness of four million of slaves, assert that "freedom is always in the Union"; that the body to whom it has entrusted the administration of the government should seem intent on repressing or thwarting all anti-slavery action in the army; but these are not the only signs of the times which we discern. While the demon of slavery, in the garb of an angel of peace, stands tempting a trembling government to conciliate, at all hazards, the partially loyal States, answering voices come from camp and council hall, from press and pulpit, whose tones of manly virtue and righteous indignation are indications of strength which may resist the tempter and save the nation. The body of our army are in advance of their leaders. The resolution, formally adopted by the soldiers of Potter Co., Pa., declaring "that it was no part of the duty of the soldier to aid in returning fugitive slaves," and their earnest protest against engaging in so "revolting a work"; and the action of the Seventh Regiment of Massachusetts, who opened their ranks to let the flying slave pass through, then quickly closed them against his pursuer, illustrate a feeling which very widely prevails among the rank and file of the Northern army. And among the brightening signs of the times we note the recent opposition to the foreign slave trade, marked by the first capital conviction under the laws of the United States against this trade; the order issued by the government, prohibiting the use of the prisons of Washington as slave pens for the convenience or pleasure of slave-traders or slaveholders; and the facilities furnished to slaves escaping through the Northern States.

We also record with grateful pleasure the fact that the Legislature of Pennsylvania, at its last session, maintained the honor of the Commonwealth by refusing to repeal the laws which protect the slave's right to freedom, when he is brought within her limits by his master.

Whatever censure may be deserved by our present Administration, and however far its action may fall below the standard of the anti-slavery reformers, or even of the masses of the people, who draw freer breath in a purer atmosphere than that which pervades cabinets and courts, it must never be forgotten that it is in advance of its predecessors, and that its existence is a result of an improved tone of public sentiment. Now it struggles and gropes half blindly, because unwilling to look in the only direction whence light can fall on its path; but if the power which created it shall prove strong enough to guide and sustain it in a righteous course, it will soon cease from its folly in attempting to trace the rebellion to other causes than the existence of slavery, and to suppress it by any other weapons than that of emancipation. The folly of expecting to put down this rebellion without removing its cause, to preserve and secure our own liberty and prosperity without giving liberty to those whom we have enslaved, is equalled only by the meanness of wishing to do it, and the hypocrisy of asking God to assist us in doing it. This meanness and hypocrisy are keenly rebuked by the childlike confidence with which the slaves greet [illegible] forts are cities of refuge; and our soldiers, many of whom never aspired to fulfil divine commissions, suddenly find themselves hailed as heaven-sent angels of liberty, whose appearance is the expected answer to the prayers of longing slaves. Here the instinct of the slave and slaveholder are the same. The President of the United States may reiterate his assurances that this war is not to be carried on for the purpose of emancipation; one General may offer to suppress slave insurrections in Maryland, and another may proclaim to South Carolina that her peculiar institution shall not be disturbed by the Federal armies; it is in vain; the leaders of the rebellion still designate them and their soldiers as "abolition hordes"; our Colonels may vie with one another in their zeal to banish fugitive slaves from their camps, or to return them to their masters; the slave's intuition sees over all this an irresistible power guiding the revolution. The aged slave in the city of Washington who, as she looked wistfully on the passing pageant of war, was told that those gleaming bayonets would not be charged in the cause of negro freedom, spoke with the heart of her race, as she answered, with faith far above her culture, "they works better than they knows."

There was a time when this nation might have crowned itself with glory in the emancipation of its slaves. In the hour of its prosperity and strength, moved by a high sense of justice and pure benevolence towards the wronged, it might have reached out its hand and lifted four million chattels up to manhood. That hour has passed. There was a moment, a brief golden moment, given to one man in this nation, in which he might have done a deed of justice so sublime, so glorious, that the world would have bowed before him "as to one God-enthroned amid his peers." That moment has passed. Now,

"To our cup of trembling
The added drop is given,
And the long suspended thunder
Falls terribly from heaven."

Now, the nation that would not be aroused by loftier motives to execute justice, is urged to do so by the fear of its own immediate destruction. Now, when the decree of the abolition of slavery shall be wrung by God's stern providence from a reluctant people, our shouts of joy, our hymns of thanksgiving, will be for the slave alone. In the glory of that hour the nation will have no share. On the banner which it might have waved in exultant pride over such a deed, its own finger has written "Ichabod." While we mourn the departed glory, we rejoice in the vision of the slave's approaching deliverance. The aim of the Abolitionists during the last thirty years has been to effect this deliverance peacefully, to redeem the nation from its sin, without this baptism of blood. This aim the nation has persistently and successfully opposed. Political parties have rivalled each other in their efforts to resist it, and the Church has used her wealth, her learning, her moral power and the sanctity of her name, to thwart it. But though they succeeded in preventing the peaceful abolition of slavery, they failed in their attempt to hinder the working of the immutable law of the universe—that national sin shall be followed by national suffering. Now, in the light of a new illustration of this law, they may read again the teachings with which they have corrupted the heart and seared the conscience of this nation. Hopefully as the Abolitionists pursued their aim of effecting peaceful emancipation, they never forgot the possibility of a failure, but they never doubted that, failing in this, there was no other alternative for the nation than disruption and the horrors of war. This they have constantly predicted, and now they gaze with more sorrow than surprise upon the fulfilment of those sad prophecies. Neither are they surprised by the charge that they are the cause of all these terrible tragedies. It is no new charge. The world has always made it against those who have disturbed its peace by rebuking its sins. The world has always tried to believe that a course of sin might be safely pursued, if the troublesome voices of reformers could be silenced. In so far as the utterance of truth causes discord by exciting violent resistance to it, on the part of those whom it offends, in so far and no farther have the Abolitionists caused this war. Even the Prince of Peace, foreseeing such results from his uncompromising testimony to the truth, said, "I came not to send peace but a sword." The lessons of all the centuries past taught the Abolitionists to read their country's future; those lessons teach them now that there is but one way in which this war can end in real peace. Hence they learn their responsibility and duty in the present crisis. They stand before this nation as the representatives of the slave, and until his chains are sundered, their duty is to proclaim the truth with which they first startled the nation from its moral lethargy, and to urge them by every new consideration suggested by the events of these prolific hours. For thirty years they have been striving to achieve the redemption of the slave in time to save the land from civil war. That retribution has descended upon a people who oppressed "the widows and the fatherless, the stranger and the poor." Yet one more task is ours. In the dim future stands the angel of sterner retribution, waiting the nation's response to God's judgment-call. It is not yet too late to avert the terrible doom of servile war. To this end and with this hope we still pursue the work which has filled our hands and inspired our hearts through so many years.

A retrospective view of the anti-slavery enterprise, from its initiation to the present hour, inspires us with gratitude, courage and hope. The progress of that enterprise illustrates anew the power of truth to undermine gigantic institutions of wrong which have laid their foundations deep in the centuries. The success which has been granted to thirty years of anti-slavery labor, we receive with devout thanksgiving. It is true that our hope of leading the slave, peacefully, out of his house of bondage has been disappointed, but the death-blow of slavery has been struck, and the Providence of God is leading the slave by another path to freedom. The efforts which failed to bring the whole nation up to the high moral plane, on which it could inaugurate peaceful emancipation, have succeeded in bringing a portion of it up to the point whence it could resist the further aggressions of slavery. That resistance has evoked a war which is fast intensifying a sentiment in the Northern heart, which will ultimately demand the utter destruction of slavery. And thus by other weapons than those which the Anti-Slavery Societies of this land have wielded, by another warfare than that which they have waged, their work seems about to be finished. The countenance and aid which individual Abolitionists will give to this war will be determined by their various theories of the rightfulness of violence in national defence. Many of those who believe such violence justified by a good cause, have rushed into the ranks of the Northern army, hoping to fight there the battles of the slave; while others, who believe that carnal weapons fit not Christian hands, still grasp the sword of the spirit, content to use that alone.

Leaving our record of the past, we commence another year, cheered by the bright vision of final victory looming up in the near future. Should that vision recede as we approach, leading us through years of toil ere we overtake it, the faith which has hitherto guided our enterprise will sustain us even unto the end. The tremulous joy with which the Abolitionist anticipates the first notes of the jubilee song, which he almost hears, will not unnerve his arm for longer conflict, should it be demanded of him. Though our hope should be deferred, and our eyes see not this salvation, we know that it will dawn in splendor on the world, when "the Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed." This day of our country's terrible trial is not wholly dark to us. Through its darkness gleams a hope that even this nation, "laden with iniquity"; that has called "evil good, and good evil"; that has trusted "in oppression and become vain in robbery"; that has "decreed unrighteous decrees," "to turn aside the needy from judgment, and to take away the right from the poor," may yet, through the stern discipline of bloody conflict and mortal anguish, of desolated homes and broken hearts, be taught the lessons which it would not learn from gentler teachers; and, in shame and sorrow, breaking the fetters it had fastened on its brother, find itself free to ascend the path to true national greatness; and, regenerated by love of the justice it was forced to practice, shall stand, at last, glorious among the nations, a people exalted by righteousness.

THE CHIVALROUS SOUTH.

WE have read a great deal in the Southern journals about "Lincoln's Bloodhounds," by which elegant phrase the defenders of the Union are commonly referred to in Secessia. But while our bloodhounds are merely metaphorical, it would seem, from the following advertisement extracted from *The Memphis Appeal*, that Jeff. Davis deals in the real Simon-pure

"BLOODHOUNDS WANTED.

"We, the undersigned, will pay five dollars per pair for fifty pairs of well-bred hounds, and fifty dollars for one pair of thorough-bred bloodhounds that will take the track of a man. The purposes for which these dogs are wanted is to chase the infernal, cowardly Lincoln bushwhackers of East Tennessee and Kentucky (who have taken the advantage of the bush to kill and cripple many good soldiers) to their tents and capture them. The said hounds must be delivered at Capt. Hanmer's livery stable by the 10th of December next, where a mustering officer will be present to muster and inspect them.

"F. N. MCNAIRY,
"H. H. HARRIS.

"Camp Crinfort, Campbell Co., Tenn., Nov. 16.

"P. S.—Twenty dollars per month will also be paid for a man who is competent to train and take charge of the above dogs."

If this war results in nothing else, it will serve to most thoroughly dispel the soft illusions heretofore so popular about the vaunted chivalry of the South. Instead of the high-bred gentlemen, which fond fancy painted them to be, we begin to understand what many had long ago suspected, that, under the brutalizing influences of slavery, they were fast lapsing into positive barbarism.—*Tribune.*

Correspondence of The World.

Mrs. Butler, whose husband owns the farm house shelled by Ayres's guns, near Centreville, took me into the attic rooms where our 12-pounder went through, and talked with me a long while about the events subsequent to the battle of the 18th. Her sympathies are on the rebel side, and so I cannot disbelieve her frightful and sickening narrative of the atrocities of the victors. Nineteen of our men were buried near her house. *But in a few weeks every corpse had been dug up, the flesh boiled or hacked from the bones, and the latter distributed as mementoes of Southern conquest and barbarism.* The stench engendered by this monstrous process was so horrible that the family had to leave the place, and much sickness ensued among the troops. Mr. Butler confirmed the statement of his wife. *There is no doubt of its truth.* Among the stuff left behind at the camps, joints of human vertebræ and human skulls, scraped and polished, have been found to-day. Mrs. Butler told me that on the night of the 20th a mounted Federal courier came within their lines and asked for Gen. McDowell's headquarters. As he put the question he saw the Palmetto in the hat of the South Carolina guard, and put spurs to his horse, but was shot and killed. Dispatches in cipher were found on his person. He was buried, but dug up within a week, the flesh boiled from his bones, and the latter exhibited as emblems of "an invader's fate."

Mrs. Dorothea L. Dix, writing to Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis of Boston, says: "The indignities and sufferings to which our prisoners of war have been subjected at the hands of the enemy would disgrace the coarsest and most brutal savage tribes. May God forgive the perpetrators of those monstrous atrocities, for it is hard for man to pray sincerely for such enemies as these have proved."

Dispatch to The Tribune.

Some of the residents at Centreville say that members of the Sanitary Commission and other soldier-visitors to Manassas, assert positively that there is evidence so strong as to force the belief that the Mississippi soldiers have been in the habit of digging up the bodies of National soldiers buried at Bull Run, boiling off the flesh and making the bones into trophies. The skulls were frequent tent ornaments, and were also used for soap dishes. Knives and forks, rings, and even spurs, were constructed from the bones. Soldiers of the Brooklyn 14th recognized on the field of Bull Run, by their red trowsers, comrades who had fallen there, lying unburied and headless. Residents in the vicinity asserted that after the battle the rebel soldiers passed their houses with what they called, with unseemly merriment, Yankee skulls, on their bayonets.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, in a report of the pursuit of Price by Gen. Curtis, says: "To-day the Benton Hussars went out on a scout in the neighborhood of Bentonville. One of their number strayed from this company and was afterwards found in a privy, his head mashed with stones and his body disfigured. Some whiskey was found in the place, and the boys proceeded to imbibe. *Before morning one captain and several privates died of poisoning, while one major, two captains and about forty men narrowly escaped the same fate,* and have been rendered unfit for service, for how long no one can tell. These are our enemies—cut-throats, assassins, spies, robbers, poisoners—and how many commissioned officers think ye, good people of the United States, are being court-martialed because they permitted fire to cleanse the sins of these cowardly brutes in twenty-five dwellings in Bentonville? Is there a man who reads this dare say he would not have had revenge under like cause of provocation?"

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1862.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

WHERE WE ARE.

EVENTS are hurrying forward, undeniably, either to good or ill issues. The last two or three weeks have been crowded with them as they rushed through on their march. And it was high time that they began to move, for the world was beginning to be tired of waiting, and much longer delay might have been as disastrous to the nation, at home and abroad, as defeat itself. The successes of the National arms have tended to narrow the circumference of the rebellion, and to bring it within more manageable limits. The victories at Fort Henry, Fort Donelson and Newbern, the occupation of Nashville, the evacuation by the enemy of Columbus, the capture of New Madrid, and the expulsion of Price from Missouri, promise well for the speedy opening of the upper Mississippi; while the abandonment of Florida and the evacuation of Pensacola, if this last piece of intelligence be indeed true—which it soon must be if not yet—make the occupation of New Orleans and the restoration of the whole of that great highway of the West to the ocean to the commerce of the world, a mere question of time, and of brief time. Then the time has at last arrived when Gen. McClellan thinks it possible to advance, or impossible to remain longer behind. A very short space of time will suffice to show whether the suspicions which have thrown doubts upon his heartiness in his work, and which have made him the idol of the pro-slavery men of all parties, are well grounded or not. We shall soon know whether his loyalty to Slavery or to the Nation is supreme. We will hope the best, and will consent to confess ourselves in the wrong for any share in these imputations we may have helped to cast upon his thoroughness of purpose, should he prove himself in earnest in the field, and as ready to make slavery subordinate to victory. If he will but kill this rebellion by dealing a death-blow at its only vital part, at the black heart which sends all the venomous blood that gives it life through all its veins, or even by not warding it off, we will acknowledge him as the worthy successor of Washington, who has finished the work Washington had only begun; and we do not care how soon he steps, like Washington, from the saddle of the Commander-in-chief to the chair of the President of the United States.

We do not believe, however, that he is going on conquering and to conquer in the triumphant manner which is sometimes augured from the retiring of the enemy from their advanced posts as far as Manassas. It was military policy rather than military necessity that counselled that falling back. The farther our armies are drawn into the heart of the enemy's country, and the farther they are placed from their base of operations when the fighting really begins, the greater the disadvantage at which the fighting will be done. The positions at Gordonsville and along the valley of the Rappahannock are said to be as strong for a stand as those at Manassas, and they are of course much more favorable to the success of the enemy. We believe that Gen. McClellan, if thoroughly in earnest, as one should infer from the tone of his address to his army that he is, if words mean anything, with the immense force at his command, and the unlimited supplies of all kinds which the nation has poured out at his feet, that with all these advantages he must prevail over the enemy in the end. But it will not be without hard fighting, close lives. And it may not be without some repulses and disasters at first that he will reach the rebel Capital. Though it is absurd to say that every Southern soldier is equal to five Northern ones, it is true that they are about equally good man for man, and that the Southern men have a Concretion to fight for and not an Abstraction. A slave, and the right to own and use him, is a positive thing, and a privilege which, brought up as the Southern men are, is worth fighting for, and it is one that enlists the strongest passions of the human heart on its side. The Union and Constitution, on the contrary, however much the Northern men have been brought up to respect them, are but political ideas which can excite no enthusiasm or passion on the part of those who stand up for them, only the sense of duty to maintain them as good and profitable arrangements. The one side has all the energy of passion and of hatred towards their antagonists, the other has no such intense springs of action, and may meet with rebuffs from not making sufficient allowance for them. If any one, soldier or civilian, expects that the army of the Potomac will be transformed into the army of the James without fierce fighting and great loss of life, we fear he will find himself much in the wrong.

While we wait patiently to see whether Gen. McClellan intends to show How to Do It or How *Not* to Do It, we are even now at liberty to pass judgment on the way in which Not Doing It was organized at Fortress Monroe. When it was known that the Merrimac was in the course of metamorphosis into the impregnable iron monster she has shown herself to be, and when Mr. Ellet, months ago, had prophesied the exact facts of last Saturday and Sunday week, and when it must have been known that she was about ready to enter on her career, but one steam-frigate and two sailing vessels, and one of those without a crew, were left to guard that vital point! Had it not been for the opportune arrival of the Monitor, the creation of a private citizen, *pooh-poohed* by all the regular navy, the Minnesota would have shared the fate of the Cumberland and the Congress, and, if Fortress Monroe had been able to withstand her assault, the whole blockading squadron would certainly have been swept from the surface of the sea or into its depths. And the Assistant Secretary of the Navy was on the spot to order the Monitor to another port! while her crew was strictly forbidden to use the wrought iron balls which, her officers fully believed, would have sunk the Merrimac! The French have a proverb that there is a special providence for drunkards, and we may infer from our narrow escape on the 8th and 9th of March, that there must be such a Providence that watches over careless nations. The loss of the two frigates, excepting the sad loss of life, were worth more than the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson to the nation, if it have aroused it to a sense of what is demanded for the protection of its ports and cities. As far as that sea-fight was concerned, it is vain to deny that the enemy had the best of it. He sunk one frigate, burnt another, crippled a third, and held a long and desperate conflict with the anomalous sea-monster that ventured to grapple with it in closest encounter. The narrow escape we had there must needs teach us a lesson of wisdom worth twenty victories. Our reverse at Bull Run was caused by our contempt for our adversaries, and so was that in Hampton Roads. Our martinet naval officers had no belief in a naval invention which had never come under their routine notice, and the consequence of their little faith was all but the destruction of our entire fleet. Bull Run was, perhaps, the greatest blessing that has befallen the country since the war began. Perhaps the naval disaster off Old Point Comfort may be the second, if it be well laid to heart and put to good uses. It must make us feel how slight are the circumstances that cause or prevent the most decisive events, and how essential it is to be wisely ready.

But simultaneously with these fortunate untoward events, have occured others to which history never can attribute a malign influence. We mean the Act of Congress forbidding negro-catching on the part of our military and naval officers, and the Message of the President of which we spoke last week. They are, both of them, valuable in themselves, but more valuable as signs of the times. It is a blessed circumstance that our soldiers can no more be degraded by Stones or Dwights to offices which none but the meanest of Southern whites will stoop to; but it is more blessed yet that so wholesome a public opinion exists at the North as should compel such a prohibition. The President's Message, in itself, is not much to brag of, as we showed last week. It does not approach the true, high table-ground of absolute right and justice. It is right that its short-comings should be pointed out and that it should be tried by the test of the perfect rights of Nature and Reason. But we must hail with satisfaction the first utterance from the high places of the nation, acknowledging that slavery may be something that it is well to be rid of. It is the first time such an idea has ever emanated from the White House, and it is an era in the history of the country and the race. We fully admit and accept all the humiliation contained in such an avowal; but we claim all the comfort and encouragement that can be drawn from it. Though not conclusive of itself, it denotes many a foregone conclusion. It indicates the state of public feeling at the North and in the Border States. We may be sure the President would not have ventured on so bold a word had he not known where it would find an echo. May we not hope, too, that it is a hint of what his prophetic soul feels instinctively to be at hand? If Slavery must come down in order that the Union may stand, may it not be that he is thus preparing the way before him, and warning the nominally loyal States to prepare for the wrath to come? At any rate, it is a ray of light let shine in a place where the blackness of darkness has ever reigned thus far, and this by the hand of a man unquestionably honest and sincere, even where mistaken. We admit the absurdity of paying men for making their fortunes for them—for this is the amount of compensating men for ridding them of slavery. The lands in all the Border States, in all the slave States indeed, would be worth more without slavery than the land with the slaves on it. But from the time that we first proclaimed Immediate Emancipation the Right of the Slave and the Duty of the Master, we have believed that when the time actually came when slavery was no longer worth keeping, the North would have to pay the slaveholders for putting money in their pockets through Emancipation. Slavery will be no longer worth keeping when it is no longer the controlling element of political power. Notwithstanding the pro-slavery virulence of some Border State men, they will not be long in seeing where their true interest lies. And should the rebellion be thoroughly subdued, even without compulsory Emancipation as the price, we shall soon see the cotton States suing for the like remedy and relief. In our victories and our defeats, in the voice of the President, in the action of Congress and in the responses of the press, we thank God that we discern that we stand further forward by much than we did a month ago.

CHRONICLES OF THE LATTER DAYS.

MEN and brethren, ye know how that, in the days of old, when Pharaoh was ruler over Egypt, the oppressions of that land were great, and the cry of them went up to Heaven;

Insomuch that the Lord sent his servant Moses to cry aloud before Pharaoh, saying, Thus saith the Lord—Let my people go, that they may serve me.

And Pharaoh hardened his heart, and mocked, and spoke blasphemous words, saying—Who is the Lord, that I should obey his voice? And he would not let the people go.

Then, behold, there came divers plagues from the Lord upon that ruler, and upon his land; the plague of blood, and the plague of fire, and the dying of much cattle, and many more grievous plagues. Nevertheless, Pharaoh still hardened his heart, and would not let the people go.

Then the first-born son of the ruler, even of Pharaoh, died; and many of the children of the people died also.

Then the people of the land of Egypt lifted up their voice, and cried aloud unto the ruler that he should do that which the Lord had said.

And Pharaoh was sore afraid, and he gave consent that it should be as they required. And they let the people go.

Howbeit, the ruler again hardened his heart, and went out with chariots, and horses, and a great army, to bring the people back; but the Lord overthrew him, and all his host, in the Red sea.

Ye know, men and brethren, that these things were in the days of old, even in former times.

Now it came to pass in the latter days, that one Abraham who dwelt in Egypt (howbeit, he was born in the land of the South, even in Kentucky), was called of the people to rule over that land, and over all the regions round about it.

Now the land was very great, and the people were many; and their heart was lifted up, and they spoke one to another, saying—Surely this is a great country!

Howbeit, their wickedness also was great. For they oppressed the Lord's people, even his poor, and his little ones, and bound heavy burdens upon them, and scourged them sore, and drove them to cruel labors, and took away from them the key of knowledge, and seized their wives and daughters for a prey, and bought and sold their children in the market place.

And they continually cursed and reviled the Lord's little ones, calling them (in the speech of that land) damned niggers. Yea, damned niggers called they them.

Now this people, both they and their rulers, had done evil in the sight of the Lord for many days, even exceeding the oppressions of the former land of Egypt.

And the Lord saw it, and was wroth, and had brought a great plague upon that people, even before Abraham was called from his low estate (for he had been aforetime a cutter and cleaver of wood) to be their ruler.

Now when Abraham was exalted to be a prince and a ruler, the word of the Lord came unto him, saying—Speak unto this people, and say unto them, Let my people go, that they may serve me!

But Abraham would not.

Then the Lord sent more plagues, even as when Pharaoh, the former ruler of Egypt, hardened his heart.

Again he sent blood, and fire, and the death of much cattle; and many of the people also suddenly died.

But Abraham hardened his heart, and refrained still, and held his peace.

Then the son of the ruler, even of Abraham, died also.

And the word of the Lord came again unto Abraham, saying, How long will this nation refuse to obey my voice? Delay not, arise quickly, and make Proclamation unto them, saying—Let my people go, that they may serve me!

But Abraham refrained still, and held his peace.

For he said within himself—Surely the men of the South, who do these oppressions, are my own kinsfolk, and are of the kindred of Sarah my wife; and the men of Egypt also uphold these oppressions. Moreover, if I do that which the Lord hath said, the men of the Border will hate me, and fall away from me.

And while Abraham held his peace, the plagues from the Lord waxed more and more grievous; and many of the people murmured, saying to their ruler—

We be all dead men. How long delayest thou to do that which is commanded of the Lord? Arise quickly and make Proclamation, as he hath said.

And after Abraham had yet again delayed, saying, Of a verity, this thing is too hard for me—he considered with himself, and spoke unto the elders and the great Council, even they who governed the people under him;

And he said unto these elders—speak *ye* unto the people for me (if it seem good in your eyes), and speak moderate and careful words to them, even the speech called gradualism, lest they do the Lord's work too hastily.

After this manner, therefore, speak ye to those of our peoples and tribes among whom "the peculiar institution" is established. Say ye unto them—

If it shall seem good in the eyes of any of you (for we would not that *all* should do it) to make a beginning of doing some small part of that which the Lord hath said (for we would not that ye should do the whole of it), then will we pay unto you shekels of gold and shekels of silver, "to compensate for the inconveniences, public and private," of doing that which the Lord hath said.

(For such was the manner of the speech called gradualism.)

Now there was in that land a prophet named Garrison, and in another part of it (for verily it was a great country) another prophet named Cheever. And these both had for many years testified vehemently against the evil speech called gradualism.

Of a truth they cried aloud, they spared not, they lifted up their voices like trumpets, they showed to the ruler and the elders their transgressions, and to the people of the land their sins.

Yet hearkened they not unto them, neither the ruler, nor the elders, nor the people.

And the Lord beheld all these things, and a book of remembrance was written before him.

It was written how Abraham, the ruler, had ofttimes disobeyed the voice of the Lord, and had held back the people from obeying him.

It was written how the elders had hearkened unto the ruler more than unto the Lord, and had uttered the evil speech called gradualism, and had joined in holding back the people from doing that which the Lord had said.

Moreover, it was written how the people clove unto their oppressions, and followed the counsel of wicked rulers, and turned away from the path of righteousness, and said unto the prophets, Prophesy not.

Also it was written how, when the anger of the Lord came upon them, and smote them with sore plagues, instead of breaking off from their sins by righteousness, [illegible] to [illegible] evil way called gradualism.

[illegible]

WENDELL PHILLIPS IN WASHINGTON.

THE visit to Washington, within the last week, of WENDELL PHILLIPS, the peerless champion of Abolitionism, is an event of striking significance, marking, as it unmistakably does, the wonderful change of public sentiment which has taken place since the opening of the present war. Only fifteen months since, Mr. Phillips could speak in Boston only at the peril of his life; now his most radical views are enthusiastically applauded, night after night, by audiences filling the largest lecture hall at the slaveholding Capital: he even goes over the Potomac, and speaks to Massachusetts soldiers on the "sacred soil" of the Old Dominion; the rules of the Senate and House of Representatives are waived to admit him on their floors, and the most distinguished legislators of the country eagerly bestow upon him honors usually reserved for those who have filled the highest public stations; the Speaker of the House invites him to dinner; and the President of the United States invites him to an interview. Incidents like these are trifling in themselves, but when the long proscribed champion of an unpopular but righteous cause suddenly becomes the recipient of such attentions, they are worthy of mention as indications that the cause is approaching its triumph.

Some of the incidents of Mr. Phillips's visit are fitly mentioned by our Washington correspondent; others are recorded in the following dispatches:

From The Tribune.

Washington, March 14.—A year ago Wendell Phillips would have been sacrificed to the devil of slavery anywhere on Pennsylvania avenue. To-day he was introduced by Mr. Sumner on to the floor of the Senate. The Vice-President left his seat and greeted him with marked respect. The attentions of Senators to the apostle of Abolition were of the most flattering character. Marvellous conquest of prejudices, and marvellous movement of Northern ideas.

Listening to Wendell Phillips's lecture this evening, in the Smithsonian Institute, were Senator Powell of Kentucky, and many other Southern men of note, and the Vice-President of the United States, and Congressmen of both Houses thickly sat about the orator on the platform.

Washington, March 16.—Speaker Grow entertained Wendell Phillips at dinner last night. The other guests were Vice-President and Mrs. Hamlin, and Mrs. Fremont, and Senator Sumner. To-day Mr. Phillips went to Alexandria at the [illegible] several officers, and addressed the sol[illegible]

Washington, March 17.—[illegible] the 14th Mass[illegible] pel of emancipation yesterday. He told [illegible] that if they were not all Ar[illegible] like himself, they were all Yankees, and would give him a hearing. Later in the day Mr. Phillips had the temerity to visit Gen. McClellan's headquarters. The General commanding was absent.

Washington, March 18.—Wendell Phillips, by special invitation, had an interview with the President to-day. He was on the floor of the Senate during the speech of Senator Hale on the Abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. In the evening he delivered his lecture on Toussaint L'Ouverture. The effect of this lecture was indescribable. It was a biography of the warrior statesman as well as an argument in favor of the equality of the black race and its capacity for self-government. Many of his episodes were of the most eloquent and impressive character, and his comparison of the Haytian patriot with Cromwell and Napoleon was greeted with unbounded applause. He had a large audience, and his lecture was pronounced one of the greatest efforts of his life.

The honors paid to Mr. Phillips in Washington are so much "gall and wormwood" to the pro-slavery party. They stand amazed and dumbfounded before such indications of the growth of the cause which they have so long scoffed at and maligned. The satanic *Herald*, which lately bawled itself hoarse in calling upon the government to send Phillips and his associates to Fort Layfayette, and only succeeded in getting its own principal editorial writer seized and incarcerated as a spy, makes a dismal attempt to be jolly in such paragraphs as the following:

"NOW AND THEN.—Some twelve months since Wendell Phillips was near being mobbed in Boston for one of his violent abolition harangues. On Friday last an address of a similar character, delivered by him in Washington, was listened to with the most perfect equanimity. *The Tribune* contrasts these facts as evidencing the progress that abolitionism has made. Sage conclusion! Does not our mole-eyed contemporary see that twelve months ago the nation had a vague dread of these fanatics? Now that they have done their worst, they entertain for them only a feeling of contempt."

It is not "twelve months," but less than three, since *The Herald*, inspired by its "vague dread" of Mr. Phillips, attempted to excite a mob to prevent him from speaking in this city! The result showed how impotent was its malignity, and since that time it has made itself ridiculous by feigning indifference to the movements of the "abolition fanatics." Its conduct reminds us of the man who, as the waters of Noah's flood were raging and roaring around him, sought admission to the ark, and being refused, cried out, "Get along with your old ark—I don't believe there's going to be much of a shower, after all."

POOR, AND YET RICH!

NEW JERSEY, Feb. 17, 1862.

MR. OLIVER JOHNSON—*Dear Sir:* Hoping against hope, and mortified with the necessity, I have too long delayed writing. At 61, laboring with spine disease, contracted in earlier struggles with the gaunt fiend Poverty, I yet, a year ago, ventured to involve myself pecuniarily by adding a few acres to my little homestead. Obligations are now due which I cannot cancel, and I am at the mercy of those who menace me with prosecution. I must curtail my slender enjoyments, among which stand preëminent THE ANTI SLAVERY STANDARD. If I get easier in my affairs, I will renew it. I think I never have, and cannot now, give for personal comforts a dollar which lawfully belongs to another man. Ever since I subscribed to Cyrus Burleigh for THE STANDARD, it has afforded me a richer supply of the "bread of life" than any other source except the Bible, and has given me besides a blessed communion with bright and pure spirits of just men and women, made perfect through persecution and trials of faith, and love and labor and patience, and childlike, willing obedience to the divine teaching.

But enough. Stop paper for the present; and I hope in due time you will hear a better account from me.

I remain, yours to promote all just reforms and endless human progress, ———

No, friend ———, we can't stop your paper. We can't afford to lose so appreciative a reader. Besides, a friend at our elbow assumes the responsibility of the subscription for the present.—*Editor.*

MRS. BROWNING'S latest poems, hitherto uncollected, together with a memorial of her life, character and works by THEODORE TILTON, will shortly be published by James Miller & Co. of this city.

SHEPHERDS AND SHEEP.

A SERMON,

BY REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

Preached on Sunday Morning, New York, March 16, 1862.

Jesus said to Simon Peter, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee. He saith unto him, Feed my lambs.—*John xxi.* 15.

THERE is an old tradition, that, when the persecution began to rage in Rome, threatening to cut off the chief men in the young Church, the disciples crowded round Peter and begged him to leave the city and save a life which was so precious to the whole Christian community. The apostle, after vain remonstrances with them, yielded at last to their pleading, and, bidding his flock an affectionate adieu, wended his solitary way along the Appian road. He had proceeded but a few rods from the gates, when he met, coming toward him, pale and travel-worn and sad, his Lord Jesus. "Whither goest thou, my Master?" said Peter. "I go to Rome," was the reply. "And wherefore to Rome?" "To be crucified." The sting of the rebuke entered the apostle's heart. He went back to the city, told the vision to his friends, gave them his blessing, and met his fate, being crucified, at his own request, with his head downwards. Thus he fulfilled his Master's charge. Thus he fed the sheep with his own broken body. And here are we, in this far-off fold of a country and a race then unknown, pasturing on the soul of Peter.

They who think of Jesus most honorably, as well as most tenderly, think of him as the Good Shepherd; not as the princely Head of the great kingdom; not as the High Priest, making intercession for an outcast people, and appeasing an alienated God by the sacrifice of his own blood; not as the Prophet of the Law, announcing the Supreme Will; not as the Divine Teacher, bringing the heavenly truth before unrevealed—[illegible] of men. They think of him as [illegible] by his own, as calling them by [illegible] them forth; as seeking those who [illegible] make them his; as going out into [illegible] among the idolaters and misbelievers, [illegible]; as finding them in the sloughs and pits and ravines and bramble thickets, and bringing them home "with torn fleeces, and eyes full of fear"; carrying the lambs in his bosom, and the wounded on his shoulder; never asking why they had wandered, only pitying them because they had, and pitying them most who had wandered furthest, who had lost their way most hopelessly, who had scratched and bruised themselves most lamentably, and had so far forgotten even the voice of their Shepherd as to run away from him when he came near. The Good Shepherd, with quick eye to detect the missing sheep, and swift feet to go after them, and strong hands to drag them out of the pit, and bosom broad as Providence to warn them in, and the great fold of Truth and Love to protect them in the night against the wolves.

And the most beautiful institution which Christianity has given to the world is the institution of shepherds. The most beautiful office it has established is the pastoral office. Among the heathens, he who stood as the representative of Religion was called a Priest; his business was to offer sacrifice for sin. The institution of priesthood is pagan; it is grounded in the idea that men are saved by sacrifice; that there is an immense distance between God and man; a distance which God cannot abridge because of His holiness, and which man cannot change because of his sinfulness; which can be overspanned only by the mediating priest, who stands midway, and passes up to the Mercy-seat the gifts designed to propitiate the awful Deity. Among the Hebrews the characteristic representative of Religion was called a Prophet; his duty was to proclaim the will of Jehovah. Among Christians the religious minister is called the Pastor; his office is to feed the sheep. Christianity abolished the priesthood, by making every man a priest to himself. The prophetic office rests on the idea that men are saved by truth, addressed to the reason and the conscience. Christianity, while accepting, has made subordinate the prophetic office, by offering the spirit freely, and constituting all the Lord's people prophets. It allows no supremacy of man over man on the ground of official sanctity; it allows no supremacy on the ground of intellect or knowledge or inspiration. The only authority it allows is on the ground of [illegible] service. The chief master is [illegible] all; [illegible] highest [illegible] shepherd, [illegible] Pastor. The [illegible] herd's [illegible] charge *to feed the sheep.*

How beautiful [illegible] ideal of the Christian [illegible]! The man whose duty consists wholly in being a shepherd of souls, whose privilege it is to go about among men and women, to watch them, and serve them, and save them, so far as he can, from the wolves; to reclaim the erring, rescue the lost, feed the hungry, rest the tired, and keep them all within the constraining arms of the Infinite Love! Making them to lie down in green pastures, and leading them by the side of still waters; looking out from his watch-tower over the spreading fields of knowledge, discovering the fresh pasturage beyond the mountains and the floods, and helping their tender feet over the stones; lying with them under the stars when the night of fear and doubt comes down, and by day delighting to lead them away from their worn-out traditions into new Truth—a lovely ideal of life and of the possible relationship between human beings. What sympathy it suggests between human beings! What sense of human needs and capacities! What views it opens of the varied fields of knowledge, and of hungry people pressing in there, and feeding under the eye of the believing Teacher. But alas! how seldom satisfied! how hard if not impossible to satisfy! This feeding of the sheep, how few do it, even among those who make it the professed duty of their life! How few have the will, or the heart, or the power, to do it! How few have any conception of what it is to do it, even in some single particular, as for example the nurture of the mind by wisdom! As we look over Christian history, as we survey now the fields of Christian life, it hardly can be said that the pastors have made it their chief duty to *feed* the sheep—to give them the largest and richest supplies of thought and sympathy, to consult their appetites and longings, to furnish them to-day with the best God gives; to-morrow to be on the look-out for fresh fields and pastures new. The task, evermore, has been to gather them into the *sheep-fold of the Church*, to keep them within the high, strong walls of doctrine, to shut them in behind the iron gates of authority, to draw upon them the thick bolts of observance. An abandoned place, in their eyes, was the world without; there were the ravening lions and the prowling wolves; there was the great sandy wilderness of ignorance and error, where they were always losing themselves, and could do little else than lose themselves. And when the shepherds saw any of these poor sheep wandering there, or even peacefully reposing or contentedly browzing there, they went out to bring them in. Nay, if they saw them feeding themselves eagerly on new truth, roaming over the domain of science, or philosophy, or literature, cropping the tender grass of newly discovered knowledge, walking ever so assuredly along the dizzy line of discovery by which God leads up to the great table-lands of wisdom, straightway we see these pastors coming out to call them back, begging them to return; if begging will not do, commanding them; if commanding will not do, seizing them and dragging them back by main force, sending out armies after them, hunting them down, torturing them, laying waste their fields, burning their houses, and putting them to death if they would not come back to the fold. To see how jealously the sheep have been kept in fold, one would be led to think it was always night in the world, or always winter. And small inducement for the most part was there to come back; for the *feeding* of them in the fold was precisely the last thing that was generously done. To keep them *without* food, one would say, must have been the purpose and endeavor. There was perpetual warning not to eat. This food was unwholesome, that was indigestible, the other was poisonous; the rest, for some mysterious cause, was forbidden. Their minds were allowed to peak and pine, their human affections were starved, and even their souls had to content themselves with the vision of imaginary banquets in the world to come. This, I say, has been the upshot of much of this large pastoral activity for so many generations. The shepherds seem to have been jailors rather than pastors. Their energies were spent chiefly in repairing the walls of the sheep-pen, seeing that there was no flaw in the doctrine, no loosening in the tenets, no breach in the observance. Many a flock was obliged to eat what was given it, not knowing what it was; the same dry straw and chaff, day by day and season by season; no variety of food being supplied, the food they craved with natural appetite being refused under penalties. This idea of the Church as a sheep-fold is one of the most attractive, but at the same time one of the most delusive that can be entertained. For see: it makes it the sacred duty of some people to shut other people up: it brings the wide outer world of Providence under suspicion, that a little enclosure on a hill-side may be made holy. It encourages a mean opinion of human nature, as if it was a thing to be overlooked, and followed, and taken care of. It perverts Christ's ministers into turnkeys and tyrants, who, under guise of protecting against wolves, keep their charge secluded from the finest privileges of existence; and, under the name of feeding them, deprive them of their most needed sustenance.

There was a time, perhaps, when the Church needed to have a visible sheep-fold; there was a time when its walls and gates and bars and chains were required; there was a time when the pastors could do little else beside shut people up in close observances, limiting their thoughts to the creed, their aspirations to the prayer-book, their movements to sacramental actions. But that time, we believe, is past.

Except the Church of Rome there is no fenced sheep-fold now. The huge gates of ecclesiastical authority are broken down, the bolts and bars are rusted, there are great breaches in the walls of doctrine, and the sheep pass in and out at will, cropping the grass where they can find it greenest and tenderest. We have discovered that there is no infallible statement of doctrine, and we have discovered that Christ's sheep are not to be known by their being in any definite fold, but, as Ruskin says: "by their sheep-like behavior; and a great many are indeed sheep, which, on the far mountain side, in their peacefulness, we take for stones." The pastor himself has no authority over a single lamb, to put it in the fold or to keep it there one hour after it wishes to go out. He may not put his mark on it; the distinction between the Church and the world is removed; the whole earth is fast becoming fair pasturage ground. No single man can be the shepherd of any considerable flock in this large Christian way. No *class* of men can do all this work of feeding bodies, minds, hearts, souls. Every man must act as pastor in his own little flock, among the members of his household. Every man must be feeding with his own life those dependent on him, his children, his servants, his laborers, making himself responsible for their welfare; not sustaining the life in their bodies only, but sustaining the life in their minds and spirits. All must be teaching and ministering daily. Yet here are the sheep. Who are the shepherds? All are shepherds. The Church is a body to be taught and fed, as well as to teach and feed. All are pastors who can act as such; all are pastors to some portion of the flock.

In this criticism of Pastors and Churches, my friends, do not let me be understood as saying that this beautiful and peculiarly Christian work of feeding the sheep has never been done well and faithfully. It has been. Christian lands have been blessed by many shepherds, true pastors of humanity; but these have not in all cases been ordained pastors. They have simply been good and faithful men, no wiser, perhaps, than others; certainly with no special authority or power, only with their deep sense of responsibility for their weaker brothers and sisters. I see the disciples of Saint Lazarus in the East, gathering into their houses of refuge the lepers, who, outcast of all men, and a horror to all, infested the city suburbs. I see, in Spain, Peter of Nolasco and his brethren, devoting themselves to the redemption of captives, and living themseves on the scantiest supply of herbs and milk, that they might have more to give to the poor unfortunates who languished in foreign dungeons. I see a Bishop, employing his revenues for the ransom of prisoners, going in search of the poor sheep among the Turks, wearing chains there, a slave himself. The people of his Church send him a sum of money to buy his release; he thanks them for it, and devotes it to the purchase of women and children, staying in the prison-house himself. I see in Germany and France the dear women who gave their lives to the rescue of unhappy girls, whose lapse from virtue had left them to perish in misery. They cover over the shameful memories of these frail ones with the tenderest words; they disguise their turpitude under the sweetest names. They call them "Daughters of the Good Shepherd," "Daughters of the Madeline," "White damsels," from the white garments they wore, and the pure associations they kept about them. In Guatemala, a brother of the Order of St. Francis is touched by the wretched lot of the slaves—poor sheep without a shepherd. He obtains from charitable persons a little cabin, and starts a school there; he builds a little hospital, and brings into it the maimed and diseased. Meeting a poor old lame negress, whom her master had abandoned, he takes her on his back, carries her to his little infirmary, and goes about asking alms for her support. The funds of the rich pour into this good shepherd's hands; the cabin of the negress becomes a superb hospital, and though she lived but a short time after being taken into that fold, the mercy which had been shown to one of the least of the human species was rewarded as amply as if it had been bestowed on the Master himself. I see the Fraternity of Bethlehemites, with their vow of charity, poverty and hospitality, pledging themselves to serve the poor, though they were infidels and afflicted with contagious diseases, and *serving* them among the mines of Mexico and Peru. I see the nuns of the Hotel Dieu in Paris, seeking the miserable outcasts who wandered forsaken in the lanes of that splendid city; they gather them into their shelter, feed them, clothe them, bind up their bruises, cure their diseases; patient, persevering, tender, baffled by no difficulties, discouraged by no failures, angered by no rebuffs or indignities. I see them leaving the city, penetrating the indescribable ignorance and filth of the remote country districts; exploring the rude, unattractive villages, serving the most coarse and lowly as physicians and nurses; always tender, always feminine, and always dignified and firm in their self-respect. I see the noble Vincent de Paul, at first literally a shepherd, then a slave at Tunis, afterwards the priest illustrious for his knowledge and his deeds, who established seven or eight hospitals for the sake of the merest refuse of humanity. I see the Monks of St. Bernard dooming themselves to a life among the icy solitudes, and to an early death, that they might save here and there a stray lamb lost amid the snows.

Undoubtedly it was work like this that Christ bade Peter do when he said to him, "Feed my sheep." He meant that he should give them human sympathy, instruction, hope, cheer; not the husks of barbarous divinity; not the dry letters of Scripture, from which the spiritual sense had been carefully threshed out; not the hard, juiceless dogmas of tradition; but the food they *needed*—light, if they needed light—comfort, if they needed comfort—rebuke, if they needed rebuke; at any rate, *food*—that which would nourish them, make them grow, fill out their nature to its complete dimensions, make men and women of them, redden their blood, help them enjoy their work, their liberty, the privileges of their rational being.

There are always sheep enough to feed; sheep that are continually losing themselves; sheep that do little besides lose themselves; sheep led astray by false and hireling shepherds; sheep *abandoned* by false and hireling shepherds, and left to starve when they have been well fleeced, and it is too much trouble to feed them. I am speaking with a purpose, and to a point, my friends. I have my eye now on the immense flock, already more than 15,000 large, and swelling at the rate of a hundred or more every day; black sheep—black in the bad sense, as many think—which crowd about the army encampments, make their way through the lines, and stray about in the towns and villages that are occupied by our troops. They come up out of pitfalls and ravines; they have pushed their way through swamps; they have struggled through tangled thickets. Their fleeces are ragged; their eyes are wild and fearful; their feet are bleeding from contact with the jagged stones. Poor dumb creatures they seem to be often, and yet endowed with the unerring instinct which tells them where there is better pasturage and more kindly care than they have known. Scanty pasturage have these unfortunates had hitherto in those rich Southern lands; barely enough to keep soul and body together (I beg my pro-slavery friend's pardon; I forgot for the moment that I was only speaking of sheep, who are not supposed to have souls; but now I have dropped the hint, I will continue the wild fancy); barely enough to keep the body in lowest condition for coarsest work—food for the mind being sternly prohibited, under severe penalties of fine and imprisonment; the intellect kept at starvation point, teachers excluded, books proscribed, the school-house an unknown institution; no nutriment for their human sympathies, which were exposed to dreadful laceration; no sustenance for their souls but the dreariest superstitions, on which the soul cannot *grow*, but can only dwindle and shrink; superstitions flung to them for the express purpose of putting their humanity to sleep; religion in the form of an opiate; narcotics of salvation and seraphic bliss hereafter, administered in order that their manhood might be drugged into a state of insensibility to their earthly condition; no grand truths about their nature and their life granted to them, but only the chaff of theology and the dry letter of scripture; very miserable food, even for those who have the constitutions, but *how* miserable for such as these! Poor sheep! Their shepherds have done little for them, except shut them up close in the fold, and take every precaution against their getting out among the wolves of civilization in Ohio, New York, Massachusetts. They have made the walls high and the gates narrow. They have had their keen-scented hounds on the watch, their alarm bells, their sentries and guards, vigilant, alert, lest one of these little ones should perchance find a passage out and perish among the wolves. In their pastoral solicitude for the well-being of their charge, they have subsidized the very government, and have enlisted the active coöperation of Northern politicians and citizens in their endeavors to save the simple sheep from destruction. In their anxiety lest any of them should wander fatally from the fold, they have even called out soldiers, and have run the risk of bloodshed and revolution in our own cities.

Well, these tender pastors have now deserted their flocks, have left their sheep-fold unprotected, and with gates wide open; and lo! the sheep left to their own devices, which seem to be innocent enough, and to the devices of others, which unhappily are not so innocent. Simple, harmless, inexperienced, free for the first time without knowing what freedom is or what use to make of it, *there they are* by the thousand, gazing up at us with imploring faces. By no means unexposed are they to wolves of a very ravenous sort, albeit some of them wear the sheep's clothing. Hunger and nakedness threaten them with their teeth; worse than either of these, idleness menaces them now that they are not compelled to labor by the whip; and vice steals insidiously among them, demoralized as they are by their long servitude, unsouled as they are by being for years ranked with beasts, tempted as they are by the unforbidden license which is open to them. And have we not cause to fear that other wolves than these are prowling round them, in the shape of our own soldiers, who do not discharge their office of shepherd's dogs in any very noble fashion. The new shepherds that are there in place of the old ones are not precisely gentle. Charity forbids us to believe the worst we hear from time to time in regard to the conduct of the army officers at the chief points of Southern occupation; that they have treated the blacks with uniform abuse and contempt; that they have driven them cruelly from the lines of the camps; that they have made them work without wages; that they have kept registers of them and their owners, thus fixing on them the market stamp, as if they were dumb creatures; that they have been willing enough to return them into the bondage from which they have made their escape, and exceedingly unwilling that they should find their way into the free pasturage country of the North. We need not believe all this—though one who *does* believe it *all* cannot be reproached for hasty or uncharitable judgment. It is enough to believe that these poor sheep have not been fed, *are* not fed, are not *likely* to be fed, perhaps cannot be fed by the generals of the Union. There are no *means* of feeding them with anything but liberty, and that they do not and need not thank *us* for. There they are, untended, unpastured, *unemployed*, even when they might be employed to advantage. The main street of many a village which afterwards became a town or even a great city (I have heard it said of Boston, for instance), has been laid out on the line of the sheep-tracks; that being the easiest, surest and shortest way through the pastures or across the meadow-lands. How often, during the war, these sheep of ours would have shown us the shortest, surest and easiest way through the enemy's territory; but we rejected the guidance of their unfailing instinct. We would not even use them as sheep!

Well, as I have said before, and as we all know, these are the unprotected flocks. Who shall feed them? Who *is* there to feed them but ourselves? True, they are not *ours;* we have no *authority* over them, to hire or to hold them. There is no question as to what we shall do *with* them; we have no right to do anything *with* them; the only people we have a right to do any thing *with* are their former masters; with *them* there are several things to be done. But as for these poor sheep, our doing in their case must be doing *for*, not doing *with;* and when we speak of doing *for* them, we open the consideration of a great duty and a great privilege—a duty with which no duty interferes—a privilege second to none in sacredness. For many months we have been working hard for the army; that work is pretty much done; the army is in better condition than army ever was before. The "*Enfans perdus*" are "*enfants trouvés*"—and very well "found" besides; and now the Great Shepherd brings into view this new flock to be cared for, a flock of despised ones, such as Jesus wept over because they had no shepherd. The less the *army* has to do with them, the better; for the army will feed on them instead of feeding them. The less the *government* has to do with them, the better; for no wolves or bloodhounds are so much to be dreaded as government agents and contractors; they would fleece the sheep worse than the old overseers. The work is for *us*—for the Christian people of the free States, acting through their own voluntary associations, acting after the manner of the Sanitary Commission, at a task compared with which that of the Sanitary Commission was trifling. These people need all we can give—clothing, guidance, direction, teaching for the mind, milk of human kindness for the heart, the satisfaction of recompensed labor for the restoration and sustenance of their self-respect, the infusion of moral life by friendly intercourse with men and women who carry with them the spirit which is nurtured by free institutions, and the quickening soul of Faith and Love, which is nurtured by a free religion. They need especially *this:* intercourse, on terms of simple humanity, and on relations of pure and total kindness, with the more enlightened, humane and Christianized of the white race; the feeling of brotherhood with those who represent the best manhood of the country; the contact and the sense of sympathy with those who wish to exert on them none but a moral influence, and who will sacrifice something in order to do that. Why, my friends, Providence has opened a door through which the finest of our Northern genius may pass directly into the very heart of the slave region, without opposition, obstruction or remonstrance, as naturally as air comes in at an open window. The way is prepared for an immediate, practical, gracious and graceful solution of the question respecting the black man's capacity to receive and the white man's power to impart light, life and immortality. The way is prepared for experiment on a magnificent scale, and under most favorable conditions, which may test the validity of every point raised in the issue between slavery and freedom; the willingness of the slave to work, as other men work, under the stimulus of fair wages and the hope of improving his personal and social estate; the extent to which he is able to take care of himself; the amount of his intelligence; the quality and degree of his ambition, his aptness to take on the ideas and habits of civilized life; the extent to which he is enterprising, inventive, thrifty, moral. All such questions, and many more, connected with the industrial and social state of the black man, in and out of slavery, are not only propounded to us, but are pressed upon us by the actual state of affairs. Sheer humanity makes it an imperative duty to rescue these people from wretchedness and vice; and we cannot obey the dictates of humanity without at the same time obeying the dictates of shrewd common sense, a sagacious spirit of economy, a wise self-interest, a thoughtful care for the future of the South, and a devoted love of the Union and the Nation. We have only to do our duty as Christians, where it is plainly laid before us, and we shall do our duty as patriots and freemen. We may put this whole slavery debate at rest forever by just supplanting slavery, on its own territory, by free black labor; supplanting it so noiselessly that no shock of displacement shall be felt, and so effectually that when it undertakes to raise its head again, it shall instantly confess itself to be the stupid nonsense that we know it is.

This, dear friends, believe me, is now the question of the hour; the *feeding* of those sheep at Port Royal. The government may be trusted to take care of the poor secession wolves; it is ours to take care of the poor sheep they have so long harassed and torn. The duty is fast coming into recognition, and soon every North-

ern city will have its organizations for sending clothing, implements, tools for agricultural and mechanical labor, master workmen, teachers, physicians, missionaries, into that newly opened region. Every Church will have its sewing circle, and at those circles the ladies' needles will sew the shroud in which the institution of slavery will be laid out for the grave. We must be ready to meet the appeal when it comes to us, as come it will, and that soon. Will our Christian civilization take for its symbol now, Palmer's statue of the White Captive? You know the statue. It represents a fair young girl, taken prisoner by savages, and for the first time set face to face with their barbarous forms. She stands with her hands bound behind her with cords, her face expressive of fear, horror, loathing, disgust; every sentiment giving place to that of abomination. So might a girlish refinement look on the dark-skinned barbarians of the South; but a manly civilization will show to them another front; it will face them in the confidence of its power to elevate and bless; its bearing will be bold and blithe; its eyes will shine with radiant hope, and moisten with tender tears; its arms will be outspread to welcome them to a kind embrace; its hands will be open and hospitable; its voice will speak words of cheer. It will put aside its antipathies and repugnances, and deal with these people like freemen as they are; rejoicing, if it can, by going into the wilderness, save any who might have been lost, being grateful that it is permitted to receive any of the Great Shepherd's flock into its wide enclosure of Law and Liberty, of Light and Love.

A WOMAN'S TIMELY WORD.

[The following pertinent and forcible paragraphs were read by LIZZIE M. POWELL, of Ghent, at the Convention lately held in Albany. Why they have not appeared in our columns before it is needless to say.]

So long as there is a slave left in the land, and a man or woman who is indifferent to his condition, it must be the work of those who feel the sinfulness of slavery to try to uproot it, and plant in its stead the beneficent root of freedom. We can feel most keenly how slavery has leavened our whole nation, and how it has established its despotic sway, when we see how multitudes of strong men, even in this crisis, bow in silence before it. There is no other subject on which men are so fearful to speak; no interest in the government, which has been so tenderly nurtured as that of slavery; no class of people whose spirit has been so misapprehended, none who have been treated as so unworthy the consideration due to men, as Abolitionists. Men are now the unresisting minions of slavery, not because they love it for its own sake, but because so many years of complicity with the evil have weakened their power to resist it, and made them the subjects of a deadening infatuation. Their hatred of Abolitionists is analogous to that of the little child toward the physician who must apply remedies to an inflamed part. The little child suffers the pain, and shrinks from its outward visible cause, without the wisdom to see that the pain comes of the inflammation, and not from the applications of the healer; but in after years he blesses the hand that was stretched forth to save him. Slavery has made a burning, bleeding sore in our national body, and now this body writhes in torment at the touch of those who would and must cut out the cancer, in order that life may be sustained, and purity restored. What matters it, however, that the air is heavy with imprecations against the faithful physicians. What matters it that Abolitionists cannot be understood, but instead are hated and hissed? As in wiser years the hatred of the child is displaced by the love of the man, so in the good time coming, when the sore place is healed, the world will crown with love and gratitude the faithful surgeons and physicians. We all crave the benedictions rather than the curses of our fellow-men, but the desire uppermost in our hearts should be to bless.

It seems to me that in the one fact that Abolitionists are working for the well-being not only of the slaves, but of those who, like little children, are unconscious of the good that is in store for them, there is enough of comfort to sustain them through an eternity of effort and self-sacrifice. Then let the timid and the opposers feel sure that, while they pity or despise the Abolitionists, they themselves deserve all the pity, because they cannot know the brightest light, the deepest joy, the profoundest peace of life, which is to consecrate ourselves to living for our idea of truth. We must be thankful that, in the recent months of intense agitation, many lips have been unsealed in condemnation of slavery. Congress is transformed into a convention for the discussion of slavery. Newspapers all over the country are advocating the close of the war by the abolition of slavery. For all these outward manifestations of progress every Abolitionist must be devoutly thankful. We should accept them as results accomplished before our eyes, to strengthen, if need be, our faith in the sure triumph of truth. Let us receive them in humble thanksgiving, but our eyes must not be blinded, by the light coming from them, to the fact that the spirit of the administration is indifferent to slavery. The distinctive work of Abolitionists is to lead the way in the progress of the nation up to the point of seeing the iniquity of slavery, confessing to the sin of their past and present complicity, and of ceasing to do evil. Short of this the Abolitionist must not stop, because he sees that it is our moral duty to emancipate the slaves. He is the watchman set upon the tower, and must never hold his peace, day nor night, till he establish justice. And every word, whether of commendation or condemnation, should be prompted by a spirit all radiant with the light of love and truth. If our own souls are right, we shall work untiringly and hopefully. Can there ever be a moment of despondency, when we know that God has established the laws by which we work? For the Abolitionist there can be "no such word as fail."

ANTI-SLAVERY IN EASTERN NEW YORK.

GHENT, N. Y., March 15, 1862.

To the Editor of The National Anti Slavery Standard.

SINCE the early part of December last I have attended an extended series of anti-slavery meetings in different portions of Eastern New York, engaged chiefly in a colportage service, distributing anti-slavery tracts and circulating petitions to Congress and the State Legislature. Our last meetings were upon Long Island, where we received the kind coöperation of those true and faithful friends of the cause, Joseph and Mary Post. For their generous aid and liberal hospitality we are under great obligations. The effect of the recent victories, in this locality, as elsewhere, was painfully evident in the reluctance and indifference manifested in signing the petition asking for the abolition of slavery under the war power. The masses of the people passively trust to the Administration, and fail to recognize their own prerogative and the responsibility which rests upon them to dictate a policy which shall lead to the establishment of a government based upon the eternal principles of justice and humanity.

On our return from Long Island we attended the Monthly Anti-Slavery Prayer-Meeting at Dr. Cheever's church. It was most gratifying and refreshing to notice the prompt and hearty response when their attention was called to the petition now in circulation to the State Legislature. The signatures of those present were heartily given, and arrangements made for an extensive circulation of it throughout the city. "Like priest, like people." Dr. Cheever has been faithful in exposing the sins of the nation, and with a power and zeal like that which inspired the prophets of old, has called the people to a speedy repentance. No one can listen to his burning words of warning and rebuke without feeling that earnest and constant effort is demanded of every individual soul in this great struggle. Thus we see that this Church stands, in contrast with others in the land, a *working* power against the national iniquity.

I am told that in Henry Ward Beecher's Church few of those to whom petitions have been presented have been willing to give their signatures.

In the light of the new responsibilities and opportunities presented to this people to put away the avowed sin of slavery, who can affirm that the judgment passed upon the Church by Abolitionists is not verified by its present impotence and apathy? It has failed to lift up a moral standard of justice and humanity, educating the people rather to acquiesce in a confessed sin, trusting in compromise, and hence in this hour of trial and suffering it can give no moral support to the nation. The saddest revelation which one, who makes appeals through the country for practical anti-slavery effort, is called to witness, is the utter indifference among the masses to such unpardonable crime. The public conscience is paralyzed, deadened. When the demands of justice are presented, we are told that such measures are not politic, a larger number can be reached by softening and diluting the truth—and so, as a people, we wander further and further from God and his high commands. As yet we have little evidence of a genuine, national repentance. True patriots must hope for defeats rather than victories, until the nation shall learn through suffering what it would not by the voice of its prophets.

ANNA RICE POWELL.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, March 17, 1862.

I DON'T know but Wendell Phillips may have been in Washington before on pleasure or private business, but it certainly seemed last Friday morning as if an angel had dropped down from the sky when Mr. Phillips walked into the Senate-chamber upon the arm of Senator Sumner. It seemed as if the very atmosphere of Washington would sully that man's garments, and to see him walk in quietly through the door which had often admitted a Toombs, a Davis, an Iverson, was to give one, as they say out West, "a realizing sense" of the wondrous change which has been wrought within a year. Mr. Phillips came in and sat down on one of the sofas in the lobby, where a large number of the Republican Senators visited him. Everybody tried to catch a sight of him, and soon the whisper ran through the galleries, "Wendell Phillips is on the Senate floor," and the gallery-audience rose to get a sight of him. After a short tarry in the Senate, he was taken over into the Representatives' Hall by Mr. Alley of Mass., and there, too, he received the same cordial treatment. It was an amusing as well as wonderful sight. The man who has been abused more in Congress than any living man, unless I possibly except Wm. Lloyd Garrison and John Brown, was actually "holding levee" on the floor of the House while the business was going on! Of course, these little personalities are nothing in themselves. I despise a Jenkins. But these little facts are stated as an indication of the miraculous change which is even now going on in Washington. The moment that Mr. Phillips was seen, and it was known that he would lecture, the cry arose for "tickets for the lecture!" The first man to start the excitement was Vice-President Hamlin. While Phillips was upon the floor of the Senate, he sent a page instantly to inquire of some one connected with the Lecture-Association where he could obtain tickets for the evening's entertainment. His question was asked by many others, and before night hundreds of people provided themselves with the necessary means to obtain admission to the lecture-room of the Smithsonian Institute.

Of the lecture delivered there I will not speak at length. A large proportion of the readers of THE STANDARD know better than I or any one else can tell them *how* Wendell Phillips speaks—how he enchains, delights, rouses up an audience. Both lectures were a *perfect* success. Nothing like them, in style at least, has ever before been heard in Washington. The lecture-hall was packed to the verge of suffocation, and many went away unable to obtain seats. At least five-sixths of the persons present were men who have been accustomed to regard Mr. Phillips as a dangerous or deranged man, yet he carried his entire audience with him. There was not a single sentiment uttered which met with a solitary hiss, scarcely one which was not vociferously applauded.

What does this mean? Congressmen, place-holders, citizens of a slave city most enthusiastically applauding an old-fashioned Abolitionist! Doubtless, something must be set down to the matchless oratory, but not all. The simple truth is that a vast revolution in sentiment is going on, has been going on for a year, until we have at last *freedom of speech* on slave soil! This is absolutely true. There is *real* freedom of speech in Washington to-day. Wendell Phillips says what he pleases to the largest audience which can be crowded into any hall in the Capital; and not only is this tolerated, but the audience is wildly enthusiastic over the speech and the subject chosen by the orator. It has been proposed that Mr. Garrison shall close the series of lectures, and it certainly would be a fitting close to the series. There would be no danger of a failure were he to come, for he would fill the hall to its utmost capacity, and would be received as cordially as he ever was in Boston.

There has been some exciting talk in Congress upon the slavery question since my last letter. There was a day's debate in the House over the President's emancipation resolution—in favor of aiding such slave States as will initiate emancipation. Nearly all the slave State members oppose the plan. *All* the leading and influential men from those States—unless I except Fisher of Delaware—are bitterly opposed to it. The Democrats generally range themselves, as you have seen, with the members from the slave States. The so-called "Democracy" is true to its old pro-slavery instincts. Nothing will drive the negro hate out of these fellows. Not even death or hell could do it—in fact only God alone by a miracle can do it. No matter if slavery has raised a rebellion that will crush the nation for a century, the Democrats *will* have that same slavery cared for as of old. There is no use for a government or a Union, unless slavery is to be protected, according to their notions.

There was a famous debate in the House on Wednesday between Wadsworth of Kentucky and Bingham of Ohio. It was the great debate of this session. Wadsworth is an old Clay Whig, a Union man after his fashion, certainly not a Burnett, Bright or Breckinridge Union man, but saucy, insolent, dictatorial, and somewhat witty and able. He said, "I spit upon the proposition of the President—I will not accept it—I reject it for Kentucky." This was the tone of the speech so far as the Presidential proposition was referred to, but it was not its worst feature. In case of any interference with slavery, he threatened further revolution in Kentucky, the Union men participating in revolution number two. The spirit of his speech was very ugly and disloyal. Bingham of Ohio saw that he needed punishment, and he administered it most thoroughly. Bingham always speaks well, but this time he fairly beat himself. It was one of the most magnificent off-hand speeches ever delivered in Congress. I actually felt pity for Wadsworth, he was so terribly cut up. It was the Merrimac against the Cumberland, only with this difference—in this case the sinking ship hauled down her colors! Bingham charged him squarely with being a rebel and a secessionist. Insolent as the Kentuckian was in making his speech, when Bingham made his reply he was in such distress that he seemed to beg for mercy. The whole House gathered round to see the punishment well laid on, and to see the truth vindicated.

Wadsworth made a great ado over a phrase in a previous speech of Mr. Bingham, in which he alluded to slavery as an "infernal atrocity." Bingham in reply said:

"I repeat the word which so moved the gentleman from his propriety, that chattel slavery is an 'infernal atrocity.' I thank God that I learned to lisp it at my mother's knee. It is a logical sequence, sir, disguise it as you may, from that golden rule which was among the first utterances of all of us, 'whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them.' And yet men are dragged away from the land of their nativity under pretence of civilizing them, subjected to the horrors of the middle passage, reduced to the condition of chattels in a strange land, where it is made a crime by statute to teach them the grand stirring words of John Milton, 'Give me the liberty to know, to argue, and to utter freely, according to conscience, above all liberties'; words worthy to be spoken by him who walked in his singing robes immortal, without tasting death; words fit to be told and interpreted to every man, that he has a conscience, a right to know his duty, and a right to do it. . . . . Yes, sir; you must expect fifteen slave States to wage war upon the Union, if you interfere with the rebel's right to his slave, or with the rebel's code that it shall be held and punished a crime to whisper to his slave—there is a God that takes notice even of the sparrow's fall, and hears the young raven when it cries for food, and sometimes condescends to clothe with superhuman power the good right arm of an outraged man when he strikes for the liberty of himself, his wife, and children. To-day, sir, these rebels in arms, who have forfeited all rights, save the right to a gallows, doom four million of men to chains and slavery; subject them to sale in market overt, like the ox; say to the father: 'Your little child that prattles its lisping words upon your knee is only our chattel, and will be sold with our pigs next market day,' and the mother of your children shall be sold to another. The victims of this infernal atrocity are the native-born children of this land; and yet are held by these rebels to wage war upon you. Their rights in their slaves must not be touched, or you violate the Constitution. I stand by my words, and denounce the system an infernal atrocity."

This was one of the finest rejoinders ever made in Congress, in House or Senate, even if we include the days of Calhoun, Clay and Webster; and Wadsworth wilted under it.

There is a great deal of talk about McClellan here now. Is he disgraced? Did the President mean to disgrace him by his recent order? So far as I can learn, it is true that he was relieved from his general command because Mr. Lincoln was very much dissatisfied with his "strategy," which was developed in the hand-some retreat of the enemy from Manassas. But further than this Mr. Lincoln will not go. He wishes to give Gen. McClellan an opportunity to save himself. That opportunity is afforded him now, and we may expect to hear of some heavy fighting or rapid running before March closes.

There is so much war-talk here that the anti-slavery and confiscation measures before Congress do not receive their due share of attention. The Tax bill will occupy the House for some time. Meantime, the Senate will pass an emancipation bill for the District of Columbia, and some sort of a Confiscation bill. This is certain—everything else in the line of emancipation measures is uncertain.

AVON.

Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, March 17th, 1862.

OUR army, events and the cause are all moving; *pari passu*—and "double quick" at that. It requires the chronicler to be as busy as the commissary to keep up with their march. Fremont has been reinstated in command, and his new division gives him the "*coigne of vantage.*" On the mountains of Kentucky and Tennessee, with a comparatively free population around him, he has direct access to the very heart of slavery.

Gen. McClellan has been razeed in his command; the check-reins have been taken out of his hand, and he himself has been put under the whip of public opinion, and the spur of Presidential command. The decision of the council of Generals, at which he was represented by his fogy father-in-law, has been made of no account, and, like "Joe" in the story, he is ordered to "move on." He has moved on; and, marching toward Manassas, has found—what? The game sprung, and, to his fancy, an apparition in its place, with its thumb on its nose, its fingers making mocking gyrations!

It is now evident, that for the last three or four months, Gen. McClellan has been occupying a post which, by right of fitness, has not belonged to him. He is an organizationist, not a strategist; a drillmaster General, not a General-in-chief. The service he has rendered to the country, in forming, equipping and systematizing our vast army, has doubtless been great; and had he been content, when that was done, to take a secondary position, his laurels would now be green, and he would be one of the most popular men in the army. As it is, he has lost the reputation with which he began, and the task of recovering it will not be easy. It is said that he has lent his ear to political intriguers, and allowed himself to be managed with a view to the next Presidential election. This belief derives some confirmation from the fact that the slavery-conserving politicians seem to have taken charge of his reputation, and that whatever he does or omits meets their heartiest approbation.

The first duty of a good General is understood to be the establishment of a good system of espionage. He can do nothing till he acquaints himself, to the fullest extent possible, with the situation of the enemy, his numbers, his resources, the lay of the ground he occupies, its capacity for defence, etc., etc. To do this he must encourage desertion from the opposing ranks, and *welcome all comers.* This latter Gen. McClellan has not done; but just the reverse. As a consequence—as developments now prove—he was in utter ignorance, not only of the numbers and resources of the enemy, but of important topographical facts and strategical disadvantages in his location.

Our papers, to-day, praise the General's proclamation. Well, let them praise it who can. It is strange that a document, which to one seems a weak, egotistical, self-defensive, unmanly production, should be lauded by another as a brilliant and high-toned specimen of military literature. What business has a General, on the eve of an anticipated engagement, to be talking to his soldiers about "this sad war"?

The policy of excluding fugitive slaves from our lines was about the best "aid and comfort" our Generals could, by any negative action of theirs, have given to the enemy. In the present case it put a Chinese wall between us and the rebel army. They knew all that transpired within our lines, but we knew nothing of what was going on in theirs. As the result, our huge army has been waiting for six months in inaction; decimated and demoralized by disease and vice; while the nation has been footing the bills at the rate of a million and a half a day! Partisan spirit may render some insensible, for the time, to the shame of our defeat (for defeat it is), and to the burden of this debt; but in future both will be remembered with mortification and bitterness. When we shall be sipping, hereafter, our tax-tasting tea, sweetened with our slavery-suggesting sugar, we shall acknowledge the justness of the penalty of our blind attachment to the system. Thanks be to God for his righteous retributions! We kiss, in reverence, the hand that smites us!

But McClellan is taken down, and those Generals who refused to lead are now compelled to follow. Heintzelman, Sumner, McDowell and Keyes, the members of the council who were not afraid of "mud," but who were overruled, are now placed in command each of a *corps d'armée*, and "On to Richmond," or to the Rappahannock, or the Rapidan, or wherever the enemy is to be found, is now the word. Our army, extending along a line of near 3,000 miles, is like the soul of John Brown, "marching on." By land and sea our forces encompass the enemy. Secessia is surrounded, and Upas is being girdled. Its withered leaves are falling, and its sap is turned backward. The fiat that dooms the system has been pronounced, and—the Clerk of the House has made the record.

The vote on the President's emancipation message has not yet been taken in the Senate, but the affirmative is expected to be still larger, in proportion, there, than it was in the popular branch, where it stood, 88 yeas to 31 nays. The principal objection made to it by Senators is the very obvious one that it does not go far enough.

A new article of war has been adopted by a large vote of Congress, and approved by the President, prohibiting our officers, on pain of dismissal from the service, from returning to their masters fugitive slaves.

By late advices we learn that blacks, in large bodies, are flocking in to our lines, bringing with them valuable intelligence, and desiring to be serviceably employed. One writer reports having seen fifty in a body, with their faces turned freedom-wards and their looks reflecting the joy of their hearts at their deliverance.

And Wendell Phillips has been to Washington! and was introduced by Mr. Sumner on to the floor of the Senate! and the Vice-President descended from his dais to greet him! and other distinguished members of that body came forward to welcome him! Wendell Phillips has at last lectured in Washington!—in the largest hall in the city, to an overflowing house, and to an enthusiastic and admiring audience! If, in less than four years from this time, the place of either of the present justly distinguished Senators from Massachusetts should, from any cause, become vacant, and Wendell Phillips should not be chosen to fill it, it will be because Wendell Phillips has no desire for the honor.

Mr. Phillips has the reputation of a radical; and a radical he certainly is; but a truer patriot, or a further-seeing statesman, this country does not know. The services he has rendered the State and nation will be graven in marble, and cherished in the hearts of a grateful people. And the duty of acknowledging these services will not be wholly remitted to the next generation.

A certain Abolitionist used to remark: "If I could once see Wendell Phillips in the United States Senate, I would be ready to say *Nunc dimittis, domine.*" I fancy, from my knowledge of this gentleman, that if the desired time were now come, he would be like another friend, who, when asked, in view of some good news that had been received, "Don't you feel like saying, 'Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace?'" answered, "No, indeed; I want to stay and see it out."

As a Pennsylvanian, I am not in high feather to-day. McClellan has "come down like a stick," and Cowan makes us ashamed. The apprehensions excited by this new Senator's first Quarter Sessions speech in apology for Bright, have been confirmed by all subsequent developments. We are in for it for five years; the first year of his term being only just completed. From a private letter now before me, from a member of our Legislature, I quote the following:

"Cowan is heartily despised by the men that elected him, and could not muster a corporal's guard if he were again a candidate before the Legislature. The pro-slavery Democrats, and here and there a fossilized, conciliating Republican, commend him, but nobody else. He will get some sharp raps before the discussion on the Senate resolutions (in favor of emancipation in the District) are disposed of."

How this tyro, unknown to the State, should have jumped from the bar of a Western County Court to the floor of the United States Senate, is to some a mystery; but the mystery is solved by the very terms in which the case is stated. The very fact that Mr. Cowan *was* unknown to the people of the State was the thing—with other favoring circumstances—that elected him. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico.* The people took him at his village friends' estimate, and till he spoke in the Senate, they never "found him out." The *rationale* of his rise is now obvious. He was a leading man at his little bar, and that made him a jurist. He had collected a cabinet of minerals and shown a turn for natural philosophy, and that made him a man of science. He was a greater reader and was better informed than his neighbor competitors for lyceum honors, and that made him a learned man and an orator. So Mr. Cowan, coming to Harrisburg from Westmoreland County, with the reputation of jurist, scholar, and orator, was chosen Senator for the long term; and our only comfort now is, that at the end of five (!) years we shall have a chance to be rid of him. The Republicans who allowed such shoddy to pass through their fingers without detection and exposure should be looked after by the Van Wyck Committee.

A neighbor of mine, being overhauled for the part he had taken in electing Cowan, said: "It was a mistake. I became convinced of that, the first time I ever saw the man—which was some time ago in Washington. *He leaned back on two feet of his chair and squirted tobacco juice upon the carpet.*" My neighbor is one who holds the doctrine that the manners of a pig are never found united with the sensibilities of a gentleman; and in the case of Mr. Cowan his inference, from what he saw at the interview referred to, was, that that gentleman's sense of decency was not such as to be shocked by the retention of a dishonored traitor, like Bright, as a member of the Senate.

And this reminds me of a conversation with another neighbor of mine; a gentleman who enjoys—or, rather, endures, and that, too, with an ill grace—the distinction of being brother-in-law to the Confederate Envoy extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, to "the purlieus of St. James." This gentleman, who is habitually free in the use of irreverent epithets, always allows himself unusual license when speaking of "Jim Mason." On the occasion referred to, he had been congratulated on the success of a motion of his in court, for an injunction to restrain Mason from drawing moneys from the Chew estate in Germantown, an interest in which he had acquired by marriage. "Yes —— him, I have stopped him. The inflated puppy has been strutting, and affecting the airs of a gentleman on money he had no right to. But he is estopped now, the —— rascal." "But, Colonel, is he not a gentleman?" asked a by-stander, not solely from a desire for information. "Gentleman! —all I have to say is, if you ask him home to dine with you, you must look out that he doesn't get his feet on your mahogany."

Some allowance is perhaps to be made for the bitterness of my neighbor's antipathy on this subject; but it is very certain that the aristocratic airs affected by this pretentious slave-baron have little more to justify them in the man's outward refinement than they have in his internal probity.

Our Legislature, as already intimated, has had under discussion a resolution, instructing our Senators and requesting our members of the House to vote for the abolition of slavery in the District. The resolution passed the Senate by a hearty vote, and will also go through the House, unless prevented by some additional matter which was incorporated in it by a Senate amendment.

The resolution has created a great deal of discussion, and elicited some able speeches. The Legislature this year embodies an unusual amount of speaking talent. The leading men in the Senate are Irish and Penny of Alleghany. Landon of Bradford, Lowris of Erie, and Heistand of Lancaster, all good men and true; also Ketcham of Luzerne, an uncommonly able debater, and also a good anti-slavery man, and McClure of Franklin, who to the reputation of being the strongest politician in the State adds that of being one of the least scrupulous. In the House, Williams of Alleghany maintains his ancient prestige for learning and ability; though there are others who in debate are in no wise his inferiors.

At Washington, while Cowan has been blatant, Wilmot, owing to sickness and absence, has been silent. In the House, Judge Kelley, Morris Davis, John Hickman and Thaddeus Stevens have made speeches distinguished alike for their ability and fidelity to the cause, while other members from this State have contributed their fair share to the interest and value of that body's discussions.

On the other side of the water the state of things is all that we can ask. We have no complaint to make of England. The fact that leading organs and vehicles of opinion there—daily, weekly, monthly and quarterly—including among the latter even the *Westminster* and *North British* Reviews, acknowledge and justify their leanings to the side of the secessionists occasions us no trouble. The best people in England are with us, and the nation as such is right; and that is all, so far as we are concerned, we care for.

The Anti-Slavery Advocate, always able and interesting, is, in its last issue, unusually good, and improvingly pro-American. Its talented and true-hearted editor has not been able to see eye to eye with us in all international matters of late discussion, but the difference between us is nothing to speak of—"and his soul's marching on." In this number he admits that: "It is *likely* that there *may be* some in England who fear the victory of democratic principles, etc." In due time he will learn that it is a *fact* that there *are* some who entertain these fears. He will also learn, after awhile, that the admiration expressed and still cherished here toward Commander Wilkes for the capture of Mason and Slidell, was not an anti-British, but an anti-secession feeling. He will also learn that the antipathy felt in this country to aristocratic institutions has no reference, so far as his readers are concerned, to "treatment." Our objection to lords spiritual and lords temporal, and to the unequal distribution of property and power implied in their existence, is not based on any impression, erroneous or otherwise, of "grinding and oppressive" exactions on the part of these *noblemen.* We are not ignorant of the private virtues which adorn many of the British aristocracy, nor of the elegant manners which are said to distinguish the whole class. Our friend's argument must take a different range if he means to cure us of what, for his sake, I will call our democratic "prejudices."

M.

TIMELY ADMONITION.

To the Churches and Religious Associations of Chester and Lancaster Counties, Pa.

WE feel impelled respectfully, but most earnestly, to call your attention to the present awful condition of our country. The direful calamity which is now scourging the land, and making such fearful havoc with human life, we regard as the legitimate offspring of the system of slavery.

The fearful retributions of Divine and Eternal Justice are now upon us because of this evil thing, and we believe that nothing short of its removal can enable us to escape them, and secure firm and lasting peace to our distracted land.

The events of the present rebellion give our government the legal power to abolish the system which has caused such desolation; but the time in which this action will be practicable is rapidly passing away, and woe be unto this nation if the opportunity now so signally given for performing this act of imperative justice should not be improved.

Congress and the President must be stimulated and sustained by the voice of the people before they will act; and we therefore earnestly beseech you, as religious bodies—fountains of influence in the community—to labor in this most Christian and important work by all the means you may deem right and proper.

We would suggest the propriety of petitioning our legislative bodies in the name of your Society, or otherwise, and of calling conferences to examine what measures should be taken at this critical and solemn hour, so to arouse and enlighten public sentiment that liberty may be secured to those long and unjustly deprived of its blessings, and these heavy judgments be turned away from our land.

We feel a strong conviction that if we of the North now perform our duty faithfully and actively, the one bitter source of hatred and division will be removed from our midst, and that such a deed of justice will be the means of saving human life, and of finally harmonizing and cementing the Union of our beloved country.

Thus only, we believe, can we secure the blessing of a just and holy God, and prevent our professions of liberty from being a mockery in His sight; and in this way alone can the nation—exalted by righteousness—enter upon a full and glorious career of united interests, prosperity and happiness.

On behalf of a Committee appointed by the Clarkson Anti-Slavery Association.

THOMAS WHITSON,
JOSEPH MOORE.

OBITUARY.

DIED, at his residence at Philmont, N. Y., on Friday, March 14th, of congestion of the lungs, SOLOMON C. BARTON, in the 71st year of his age. Another of our tried and faithful friends, the earnest, conscientious and warm-hearted friend of the slave and of the colored man, the champion of universal justice and of a world-wide humanity, has passed on to the next sphere of life. His life has been for many years a potent, emphatic testimony in favor of impartial freedom, without respect to complexion or sex, and also a vigorous and most effective protest against bigotry in thought, and its accompanying narrow, sectarian, proscriptive prejudices. He lived largely for his fellow-men. His last labor was that of securing from his fellow-citizens an expression, by petition, for the immediate, unconditional abolition of slavery. He leaves an affectionate family and a large circle of warmly attached friends who feel keenly his removal.

A. M. P.

DIED, in Matanzas, Cuba, on the 26th ult., of consumption, R. FLORENCE CLENDENON (late of Concord, N. H.), wife of William G. Clendenon. Six months ago, a bride, she sought in that tropical clime the boon of health, denied her here; but all too late; the Death Angel claimed her, and her pure spirit has entered upon the higher life.

Although not an active laborer in the Anti-Slavery cause, it had her deepest, warmest sympathies; and to every ardent aspiration, and earnest effort of humanity for freedom and development, she responded a hearty God speed.

"Oh! who can forget the mild light of her smile,
Over lips moved with music and feeling the while—
The eye's deep enchantment, dark, dream-like and clear,
In the glow of its gladness—the shade of its tear.

"And the charm of her features, while over the whole
Played the hues of the heart, and the sunshine of soul,—
And the tones of her voice, like the music which seems
Murmured low in our ears by the Angel of dreams.

"As a cloud of the sunset, slow melting in heaven,
As a star that is lost when the daylight is given,
As a glad dream of sunshine, which wakens in bliss,
She hath passed to the world of the holy from this."

THE WASHINGTON LECTURES.—William Goodell, we observe, has been invited to deliver a lecture in the Washington course. Rev. Hiram Mattison of this city is the lecturer for the present week. He will speak of the American Churches in their relations to slavery; a very important theme. Wm. Lloyd Garrison has been invited, we understand, to give the closing lecture; and we hope that he will not, except for most imperative reasons, fail to embrace such an opportunity to serve the cause to which his whole life has been devoted.

MR. POWELL'S APPOINTMENTS.—We invite the attention of all concerned to the list, in another column, of anti-slavery meetings appointed by Aaron M. Powell. We hope the friends of the cause in every place named will exert themselves to secure the attendance of their neighbors. Mr. Powell is one of the most useful as well as faithful lecturers in the field.

"LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF THE CONFLICT."—We invite attention to the extracts, under this head, on the first page, from the latest Annual Report of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society. Our readers hardly need to be told that the Report is from the pen of MARY GREW.

WENDELL PHILLIPS delivered a lecture in Philadelphia on Wednesday evening. His next engagements, we understand, are at Harrisburg, Cincinnati, Chicago, Madison (Wisconsin), Toledo, Cleveland, and other places at the West.

JOHN P. HALE, on Tuesday last, made in the Senate an eloquent and effective speech in favor of the bill to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia.

CHARLES SUMNER has introduced a bill in the Senate to repeal so much of the act of 1825 as prevents negroes from carrying the mails.

GERRIT SMITH'S SPEECH, lately delivered in Washington, is very striking and suggestive. See extract on the first page.

MAHLON B. LINTON, of Newtown, Bucks Co., Pa., is a Local Agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

Chronicles of the War.

The Capture of Newbern, N. C.

The town of Newbern, N. C., was captured by Gen. Burnside on Friday, the 14th instant. On Monday, the 10th, the fleet left Roanoke. On Thursday, 13th, the troops landed at a point on the Neuse river, some miles below Newbern. On Friday the battle occurred. Along the bank of the river were planted hostile batteries. These our troops took in succession, with sharp fighting at each where resistance was made. About two miles below the city the rebels had taken up a strong position, and there made a desperate stand. At that point took place the main battle of the day. Our troops fought with splendid and unflinching bravery till the order was given to make the charge. Then, at the point of the bayonet, they drove the enemy from their place, and sent them flying in an inglorious retreat, which had all the characteristics of a panic. The officers and men disencumbered themselves of their private property, and left all things as they fell from their hands. Having control of the railroad in their rear, the rebels used it to its fullest capacity, and made off to Goldsboro; as they took with them many of their dead and wounded, we can form only a rude conjecture as to the extent of their loss. It is thought that, in spite of the fact of their fighting under shelter, they must have suffered as much as we. The loss on our side, though not ascertained with entire accuracy, is probably not far from 60 to 70 killed, and 300 wounded.

The number of Union troops engaged in this battle is not distinctly given, but it is probable that we had not far from 11,000 men; the enemy is supposed to have had 15,000. The action was one of the most brilliant of the war. Nothing could surpass the dash and enthusiasm with which our New England and New York soldiers did their work. They have rivaled in noble bearing the men who took Forts Henry and Donelson.

The results of this victory are most important. Discouragement, like a pall, settles upon the rebel mind, and the moral effect of our success is incalculable. We have cut off Beaufort and Fort Macon, and these points are now at our mercy. We have the railroad to Goldsboro; taking that place, if it be thought best to go thither, we shall cut off the great line of road between Richmond and the South.

Reorganization of the Army.

Three important War Bulletins have been issued by President Lincoln, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy. The first is dated the 27th of January last, and directed that on the 22d of February ultimo, there should be a general movement of the land and naval forces against the rebels, or, at least, a readiness for a general movement; and holds all officers to a strict responsibility for the prompt execution of the order. The second is dated the 8th instant, and directs the division of Army of the Potomac into four army corps—placing the reserves, to be held back for the defence of Washington, under the command of Brig.-Gen. Wadsworth, also to be Military Governor of the District of Columbia. The third is dated the 11th inst., and relieves Gen. McClellan of the duties of Commander in-Chief of the whole Army, assigning him only the command of the Army of the Potomac; directs that the Departments of Gens. Halleck and Hunter, together with so much of that under Gen. Buell as lies west of Knoxville, shall be consolidated, and called the Department of the Mississippi, under the command of Gen. Halleck; and further directs that Gen. Fremont shall be assigned to a new Department, to be called the Mountain Department, between the Department of the Potomac and the Department of the Mississippi. The commanders of these several Departments are ordered to report directly to the Secretary of War.

The New Article of War.

President Lincoln, on the 13th inst., approved of the additional Article of War, which goes into immediate operation, namely:

"All officers or persons in the military or naval service of the United States are prohibited from employing any of the forces under their respective commands for the purpose of returning fugitives from service or labor, who may have escaped from any persons to whom such service or labor is claimed to be due, and any officer who shall be found guilty by a Court Martial of violating this Article of War shall be dismissed from the service."

The Battle of Pea Ridge.

Fuller accounts of Gen. Curtis's great three days battle at Pea Ridge, Arkansas, have come to hand, showing that the fighting was desperate, and the victory important and complete, resulting in the hopeless dispersion of the rebel force, with the loss of 13 cannon, from 2,000 to 3,000 killed and wounded, 1,500 prisoners, and more constantly brought in. This victory should apparently clear the way to the Arkansas River. We wait impatiently for the accounts of Gen. Curtis's further movements, but have received none thus far, except a brief announcement from Gen. Halleck that there has been another battle in Arkansas, which the Federal forces gained, capturing three rebel colonels.

Evacuation of New Madrid.

The rebel army at New Madrid evacuated their post on the night of the 13th, leaving behind a million dollars' worth of ammunition, guns and stores—an irreparable loss to them. New Madrid was promptly occupied by Gen. Pope, and being below Island No. 10 by the course of the river, though northeast of it, his heavy batteries enabled him to shut up the river effectually against any rebel retreat by water. Commodore Foote, as soon as this was done, pounced down upon the Island, where some 15,000 rebels had entrenched themselves. Taking with him 8 gun-boats, 8 three-mile mortar-boats, and a fleet of transports and ordnance boats, he left Cairo at 7 a.m. on Saturday, the 15th, and came within range of the Island on Sunday afternoon. The details of the ensuing attack have not reached us, the squadron being still diligently engaged in bombarding both Island No. 10 and the rebels on the mainland.

Summary.

One of the Richmond papers announces that the Confederate Congress has unanimously agreed upon a new flag to take the place of the bars and stars. The present colors—red, white and blue—are retained, but under a different combination. The design is a cross of white stars on a blue union, with a red ground.

Parson Brownlow, after being imprisoned by the rebels at Knoxville in the common jail, caught typhoid fever from the dampness of the room, was removed and kept under guard at his house for eight weeks, and then permitted to escape to the Union army at Nashville, where he arrived on the 15th of March. He is coming North to publish a narrative of his experience.

FOREIGN OPINION.—Prince Napoleon, writing to an eminent person in this country, recently, on American affairs, in which he takes great interest, concluded his letter with the expression: "*Mais finissez avec l'Esclavage*"—make an end of slavery. He and other foreigners friendly to America see very clearly that we can have no permanent peace while slavery exists on this continent.—*Eve. Post.*

A FUGITIVE SENT BACK.—Illinois, which tries to exclude free negroes from her borders, still sends back fugitive slaves. A few days since a slave-owner named Rector appeared before the United States Marshal at Springfield to claim a runaway piece of human property. The Marshal sent a deputy to find the slave, and he was duly caught and returned.

Riding to Winchester from Harper's Ferry I met waggon after waggon loaded with contraband women and children, followed by the men on foot, and a convoy of soldiers—in fact scores are sent back every day. On the other hand, their flying masters take many of them South, so that the slave population of this region is not increasing very rapidly. Nearly every negro I have conversed with is confident that his freedom is gained—and isn't it?—*Cor. Tribune.*

QUAKERS.—At Quaker Valley, four miles from Winchester, Va., is a large society of Quakers, all steadfast Unionists. Two or three regiments have been quartered upon them all the winter, and their release from that thraldom made their welcome of our soldiers extremely warm and grateful. From time to time their leading men have been hurried off to Richmond—they devoutly pray that McClellan may send them home.

TIRED OUT.—A three year-old nephew of my friend had just finished his usual prayer at his mother's knee, when she said: "Now, Willie, pray for grandfather and grandmother." He did as directed. "And now for all the cousins." His petition went up for this class. "And now, Willie, pray for the world," said his mother. Wearied out, perhaps by the length of his exercises, he exclaimed: "Mamma, it's just as much as I can do to pray for our own 'lations."

SOUTHERN MORALS.—A correspondent of the Charleston *Mercury* writing from Richmond, says:

"The city is crowded with reënlisted soldiers on furlough. A hundred whisky-shops are in operation on Main street and the side alleys. *Drunken men reel out, tumble into the gutters, sprawl over the sidewalks, brandish knives and pistols, and oftentimes indulge in those deadly conflicts which fill our prisons with candidates for the gallows.* Something should be done to stop this all over the Confederacy. Not only should the distilleries be abolished, but every drop of whisky, except such as is needed for the hospitals, should be poured upon the earth."

WHAT SLAVERY DOES.—Out of sixty-eight Confederate prisoners, taken by Capt. Oliver at the Blue Springs settlement, in Jackson County, Missouri, *only fourteen could write their names.* The written vouchers for this fact are in the city, and can be exhibited. The large proportion of the prisoners from Fort Donelson, *who cannot read*, is notorious. This is one of the saddest fruits of slavery, and of the character of material composing the staple of rebellion, which this war has yet revealed. A free and popular government cannot prosper with an uneducated people, and the tendency of slavery is to enshroud them in ignorance.—*Missouri Dem.*

FREMONT.—The Rev. J. S. C. Abbott, in the course of his lecture before the Washington Institute, said:

"And there is another of our untitled nobles, whose escutcheon an unworthy spirit of detraction has, for a time, slightly dimmed; but which escutcheon is now beaming forth again with renewed luster; a noble who has opened a *path* to the Pacific, and who has found a *path* to the hearts of his countrymen, and who has pointed out the *path* for the speedy and effectual overthrow of this rebellion, and who secures the recognition of the world—when I point to his crest, bearing the simple and appropriate motto, '*The Pathfinder.*'"

MAKING ENEMIES OF FRIENDS.—The Washington *Republican* says:

"The blacks have been our friends at all points at the South. *In no single instance have they been treacherous, or acted a false part.* Their information has not always been accurate, and it could not be expected to be, from their position and ignorance, but has always been given in good faith, and has frequently been invaluable. This is the truth of the case, and nobody can gainsay it."

Capt. Dupont, in his official report of the capture of Fernandina, testifies to the great value and trustworthiness of the information given him by an escaped slave. Yet Generals Halleck, Cox and others persist in refusing to hear the contrabands, or to receive them within the lines of the army?—*Eve. Post.*

PULPIT APOLOGISTS FOR SIN.—It is well for us that stringent laws regulate our social system, but the ax is not yet laid at the root of the evil that lost Gordon his life. There are wrongs that outrage no statute, yet cry up to heaven. There are poisons sheathed in silken phrase, and pulpit oratory that work into the body politic and *generate* the crime for which a fellow man forfeits his life. So long as grave divines, like Van Dyke, Seabury, and the author of "A South Side View of Slavery," are permitted to defend slavery from the Bible, and talk about its civilizing and Christianizing influence upon African barbarians, so long will the traffic in human flesh be shorn of half its recognized horrors, and one after another of our young men, thirsty for adventure, ambitious for sudden wealth, will stifle their convictions and risk their lives in its infamous service. I do not speak of older offenders—of middle aged and grey haired men who are said to belong to the organizing band of slave-traders in this city—because my sympathy is not large enough to reach them; yet may not even *these* plead in their defense the pernicious sophistry of gospel ministers?—*New York Cor. Springfield Republican.*

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Receipts for The Standard from Feb. 1 to March 1, 1862.

1148	D. A. Sahlein,	Boston,	Mass.	$3 00
1154	Mrs. A. L. Rice,	"	"	4 00
1131	J. M. Forbes,	"	"	3 00
1158	Mrs. Samuel May,	"	"	2 00
1112	Fred. Cabot,	"	"	2 00
1148	Albert M. Chase,	"	"	2 00
1197	Grace H. Austin,	"	"	4 00
1160	Thomas Groom,	"	"	1 00
1177	Samuel Childs,	Barnstable,	"	2 00
1176	Seth Hunt,	Northampton,	"	2 00
1144	R. W. White,	No. Fairhaven,	"	4 00
1144	P. W. Morrell,	Grantville,	"	2 00
1144	L. Borden,	Fall River,	"	4 00
1152	Miss A. F. Tilton,	Worcester,	"	1 00
1182	Miss Ann M. Whiting,	Concord,	"	2 00
1182	Fem. A. S. Soc'y,	Plymouth, 15 copies,	"	20 00
1155	L. Stevens,	"	"	2 00
1182	Miss Harriet Parmenter,	Lowell,	"	2 00
1180	H. A. Hildreth,	"	"	2 00
1156	Dr. S. Cutter,	"	"	1 00
1156	Caroline Cornwell,	"	"	1 00
1156	Amos Goodale,	"	"	1 00
1156	G. K. Eastman,	"	"	1 00
1092	Miss A. W. Weston,	Weymouth,	"	2 00
1173	Mrs. H. C. Fifield,	"	"	2 00
1180	Miss Joanna Lincoln,	Hingham,	"	2 00
1142	Rev. W. W. Howard,	Flatbush, L. I.,		1 00
1134	A. Williams,	New York City,	N. Y.	1 73
1157	H. Gardner, 2 copies,	"	"	8 00
1196	R. Martin,	"	"	4 00
1160	Jas. Floy, Jr.,	"	"	1 00
1184	Thos. L. Taylor,	"	"	2 00
1182	Mrs. Geo. F. Hussey,	Peekskill,	"	2 00
1137	J. Ricketson,	Academy,	"	3 00
1152	Mary Morey,	Saratoga,	"	1 00
1130	A. D. Wright,	Deer River,	"	2 00
1127	A. S. Leaton,	Johnstown,	"	2 00
1126	Mrs. P. H. Jones,	Albany,	"	2 00
1180	B. F. Smith,	"	"	2 00
1158	Dr. C. Dunham,	Newburg,	"	2 00
1180	Mrs. Phebe Mann,	Milton,	"	2 00
1196	E. Cady Stanton,	Seneca Falls,	"	5 00
1144	V. H. Hallock,	Dover Plains,	"	4 00
1196	Reb. B. Neall,	Mt. Holly,	N. J.	2 00
1142	Nettie A. Stray,	Strodes Mills,	Pa.	1 00
	L. Bache,	Wellsboro,	"	
1180	John H. Johnston,	New Alexandria,	"	4 00
1180	Ezra Borton,	Tedrow,	O.	2 00
1156	Wm. B. Johnston,	Connotton,	"	1 00
1156	Geo. W. Holmes,	"	"	1 00
1182	Geo. W. Nye,	Walnut Hills,	"	2 00
1166	Wm. Edgar,	Athens,	"	1 00
1180	J. H. Baldwin,	New Lyme,	"	2 00
1170	Gilpin Brooke,	Marlboro,	"	2 00
1180	Ansel Miller,	Akron,	"	2 00
1180	James Sabin,	Randolph,	"	2 00
1173	Ashbel Tillottson,	Thompson,	"	2 00
1180	Jas. Hawarth,	Logansport,	Ind.	2 00
1180	E. Tomlinson,	Magnolia,	Ill.	2 00
1180	B. P. Parker,	Rome,	Mich.	2 00
1100	Francis Sheldon,	West Point,	Iowa,	2 00
1179	Dr. S. J. W. Tabor,	Independence,	"	4 00
1154	Daniel Pound,	Boulder City,	Neb.	2 00
1156	Asel B. Caldwell,	Washington,	D. C.	1 00

AARON M. POWELL, Agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society, will speak at

BEDFORD, N. Y., Wednesday, March 26.
BEDFORD, N. Y., Thursday, March 27.
NEWCASTLE, N. Y., Friday, March 28.
NEWCASTLE, N. Y., Saturday, March 29.
CROTON LAKE, N. Y., Sunday, March 30.
CROTON LAKE, N. Y., Monday, March 31.
WEST CHAPAQUA, N. Y., Tuesday, April 1.
MAMARONECK, N.Y., Thursday, April 3.
NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., Friday, April 4.
BOONTON, N. J., Tuesday, April 8.
BOONTON, N. J., Wednesday, April 9.
MILBURN, N. J., Friday, April 11.
NEWARK, N. J., Sunday, April 13.

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI SLAVERY STANDARD.

MASSACHUSETTS AND MOULTRIE.

MASSACHUSETTS.

When from the Border States news came amain
Our soldiers were lying in Baltimore slain,
How did New England then honor her brave?
"Send them home tenderly, here be their grave."

Banners waved over them, music's sad tones
Told how a loyal State mourns for her sons.
Was there another tone, unmurmured apart?
'Twas the deep vengeance-vow breathed in each heart.

Green will their graves be kept, cherished their fame,
All who belonged to them proud of the name.
Ay, land of the traitor! thy streams will run red
Before Massachusetts forgetteth her dead!

MOULTRIE.

Long have they waited, the conflict is come.
Now for your native land, Southron, strike home!
Say that their cause was wrong—yet at that word,
Young forms to battle sprung, high hearts were stirred.

Fast over Moultrie's wall poured shot and shell,
Woe to the soldier there who fighting fell.
Haply some may have smiled, yielding their breath,
Dreaming of fadeless fame, purchased by death.

Blazon our victory! Sumter is won!
If bloodshed would mar it, we'll swear there was none.
Should any question their fate, anxious-hearted,
Blacken their very name, *say they deserted!*

Oh woe to the land that dishonors her slain,
That pours out her best blood, and pours it in vain.
Alas! for the high hearts that trusted and bled,
Betrayed are the living, forgotten the dead.

May, 2, 1861. MARGARET WYND.

THE ANCESTORS OF WASHINGTON.

[At the Public Breakfast of Americans in London, on the recent anniversary of Washington's Birthday, the Rev. J. SIMPKINSON was introduced by the Chairman, Bishop McIlvaine of Ohio, in these terms: "Our celebrated historian, Mr. Jared Sparks, has acknowledged his great indebtedness in reference to the history of Washington and his family, to the Rev. J. Simpkinson, rector of the parish in this country where the family from which our honored patriot descended lived. It is Brington, in Northamptonshire. He has searched into and brought to light details, with regard to that family, of very great interest, and I hope that in seconding the toast which has just been spoken to, he will favor the audience with some particulars that have come to light through his instrumentality."]

THE REV. J. SIMPKINSON said—*Right Rev. Sir, Ladies and Gentlemen:* It is somewhat embarrassing for a man in my position to stand before such an assembly as this to respond to the toast which has been proposed. I could earnestly wish that the toast had fallen into the hands of a man competent to deal with it—for instance, the Earl Spencer, whose letter has been read to you, and who expressed to me personally his great sorrow that he could not attend your meeting (cheers). I have heard him speak repeatedly of America and the Americans in terms of most cordial admiration. There is only one thing which consoles me in being obliged to speak to you. It is that, perhaps, being utterly undistinguished, I may be a better representative of the sentiments and feelings of an average Englishman; just as if you take a nut out of a bag you get a better representative of the whole than you do by making a selection. And I do not hesitate to say that, among all classes of Englishmen, and above all among professional men, there is no name in the world's history that stands higher than the name of Washington (cheers). I do not hesitate to say that there is no country in the civilized world to which England yields in admiration of his name and character (cheers). Our people are proud to acknowledge that there is no name which stands higher in the lists of humanity than that of your illustrious countryman (cheers). But our feelings must be like those of a person who looks over his neighbor's hedge and sees a magnificent tree, the pride and glory of the forest. We know that tree belongs to you and not to us. No jealousy belongs to that feeling. The object is too great to allow any petty feeling of jealousy to be entertained. We admire that giant specimen of our common humanity (cheers). But, sir, in another respect, we are like a person looking over his neighbor's hedge. We are proud when we look at the giant stature of the tree to know that some of its roots have strayed over the hedge, and struck into our own soil. We are proud to know that in the roots which are under our feet we have some sort of share in the growth of that noble tree—that we have contributed—are contributing now to its enlargement and sustenance. It is with this feeling that I venture to contemplate the name of Washington. The Right Rev. gentleman informed you that I come from Northamptonshire, the county of the Washingtons and the county of the Franklins. In the church of which I have the honor to have charge lies buried the last English ancestor of Washington—who died on English soil and whose relics are committed to us as a sacred deposit. Numerous Englishmen and Englishwomen visit our church for the express purpose of seeing his tomb. They feel a deep interest in what we have to show them. It touches a chord of sentiment in every true English bosom. And when I look down, as I do in passing through the church, on the stars and stripes of the arms of Washington, nothing will ever persuade me or my parishioners—whatever some Americans may try to do—that we do not possess the proof that your glorious and world-renowned country took the suggestion for its flag from those arms. When I see the three stars on the top of that shield which is striped gules and argent, or in plain English, red and white; when I see the five pointed stars, not six pointed, which is peculiar, nothing will ever persuade me that we do not possess the original of the great and glorious American banner (cheers). The circumstance I speak of induced me some years ago to set to work to see if I could trace more of the connection of the Washingtons with our parish and county, and bring out some points of interest to myself. I touch very briefly on these now, because I could not count on the sympathy of those who are not in the same position as myself. Still, you will no doubt rejoice to hear something of what I have to say about the subject. The Washingtons were a Northern family who lived some time at Sulgrave, and also in Lancashire. It was from Lancashire that they came to Northamptonshire. It was a pleasure to me to be able to point out what induced them to come to Northamptonshire. The ancestor of the first Lawrence Washington was the great Sir Francis Kitson, one of the merchants who, in the time of Henry VII. and Henry VIII., developed the wool trade of the country. That wool trade depended mainly on the growth of wool, and the creation of sheep farms in the midland counties. I have no doubt, therefore, that the reason why Lawrence Washington settled in Northamptonshire, leaving his own profession, which was that of a barrister, and becoming a wool merchant, was that he might superintend his uncle's transactions with the sheep proprietors in that county. Lawrence Washington was a man of ability and integrity, and he soon became Mayor of Northampton, and at the time of the dissolution of the monasteries, being identified with the cause of religious liberty, he gained a grant of some monastic lands. Sulgrave was granted to him. It will be interesting to point out the connection which existed between him and my parish of Brington. My parish is part of the Spencer estate of Althorpe. The Lady Spencer of that day was a Miss Kitson, daughter of Washington's uncle, and the Spencers were great promoters of the sheep farming movement. Thus, then, there was a very plain connection between the Washingtons and the Spencers. The rector of the parish at that time was Dr. Layton, who was Lord Cromwell's prime commissioner for the dissolution of monasteries. Therefore, we see another cause why the lands of Sulgrave were granted to Lawrence Washington. For three generations they remained at Sulgrave, taking rank among the nobility and gentry of the county. At the end of three generations their fortunes failed. They were obliged to sell Sulgrave, and they retired then to our parish of Brington, being, as it were, under the wing of the Spencer family. The Lord Spencer of that day was a very noble character. That Lawrence Washington died in the year 1606, is, I think, proved by various points. We look upon the house in which the Washingtons lived in the time of their adversity with pride, and we rejoice and we hope that the Spencers will always love to keep it up as the greatest ornament of their estates. From this depression under which they suffered, the Washingtons recovered by a singular marriage. The eldest son of the family married the half-sister of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, which at that time was not an alliance above the pretensions of the Washingtons. They rose again into great prosperity. I was reading the other day, in Mrs. Thompson's life of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, a curious story of the familiar relations in which the children of George Villier's family used to have in the palace of James I. A contemporary letter says that the little children of the family used to lounge about like so many rabbit-starters in the palace of the king. I wrote to Mrs. Thompson to ask her if she could prove that these children were little Washingtons. She said she could not prove it, but she entirely agreed with me that they must have been (laughter). There were no little ones connected with the family of George Villiers, who would answer to the description of "rabbit-starters," except they were Washingtons. There is a still more interesting fact, which I read in the letters of Howell, who says that at Madrid, when Charles I. went there on his strange mission to woo the Infanta, there was a page in his retinue named Washington, who died at Madrid. During his illness, he was sadly tampered with by Roman Catholic priests. Sir H. Verney one day seeing a Catholic priest visiting him, ejected him in a manner not satisfactory to the priest or those placed in authority. Washington died, and being refused sepulture in the cemetery, was buried in the ambassador's garden. I think there can be no doubt that that Washington was the brother of the emigrant. About the emigrant I am not able to discover much. There is perpetual mention of the family in the papers of the Spencers, showing the intimate terms on which they were, down to the very time of the civil war. When the civil war broke out, the Washingtons took the side of the king, but I have no doubt, if they had not been connected with the Spencers, they would have taken the side of the parliament. Probably we all of us feel that the cause of the parliament was on the whole the more righteous one, and no doubt should have joined the parliamentary side. But do not blame the Washingtons for joining the royal side—that side which symbolized to them loyalty and patriotism, and all the great recollections of their country. If it was an error, it was a glorious error—an error with which I have great sympathy. You all know the name of Lawrence H. Washington, who defeated Worcester. We have it, on high authority, that this Colonel Washington was so well known for his bravery, that it became a proverb in the army whenever a difficulty arose: "Away with it, quoth Washington." The emigrant, of whom I lose sight in 1657, I leave to be traced by your own historians on the other side of the Atlantic. Now, I think I have shown you that we have a right to feel proud that we can trace under our feet the roots of your noble tree. I remember when I was a boy, I thought it was a wonderful thing that the name of Washington did not appear more in the books I read. I saw plenty of Gates and Lee; but when one gets older, one learns to see the grandeur of the position which Washington occupied—content to accept responsibility without ever doubting of the future: content to work silently, while others were occupying a more prominent position—content to serve his country without a shadow of ambition. He has always appeared to me in that respect like the great and good man whose loss all England deplores, Prince Albert. They were just like one another in the simplicity of their character, in their entire freedom from vanity and pride, and in their willingness to remain unrecognized by all (hear, hear). The only princely name which stands on a level with Washington's is that of William the Silent. I forget whether your great historian Motley has drawn the parallel. It is one that deserves to be drawn, I think. The name of William the Silent is the only one which stands on a level with that of Washington. I will not detain you longer. But may I not say in allusion to what fell from your Minister at the Court of St. James's, that I do trust the citizens of America in their different conjunctions will be able to follow the example of the great and glorious man whose anniversary we are now celebrating. I forbear to speak of the state of things now existing in your country, because I fear to say what might be inappropriate. Allow me to say in the name of all those who regard what is going on, that we feel profound sympathy and profound respect for your nation. I hesitate to express that sympathy lest terms should fail me to show the deep respect we feel. But, in conclusion, let me say I trust your statesmen will have grace and power to follow the example of the great man whose birthday we celebrate. Follow the course of Washington; you cannot have a nobler man to follow (cheers). May I say in allusion to his arms that I trust you will always bear in mind his three stars—the star of truth, the star of patriotism, and the star of trust in God (loud cheers).

SPEECH OF GEORGE THOMPSON, Esq.,

At the Public Breakfast of Americans in London, Feb. 22, 1862.

[Mr. THOMPSON seconded the toast, "The President of the United States of America."]

GENTLEMEN: I cannot say that I am wholly unaccustomed to public speaking, but this I can say, that addressing meetings like the present is by no means my hobby, and I have frequently rather shunned gatherings of this kind than sought attendance at them; and still less have I ever felt inclined to make meetings like this an opportunity of stating my private sentiments. I cheerfully consented, however, to respond to the toast of "The President of the United States," because I thought that in doing so I could discharge an individual feeling, and that I could, at the same time, speak with some authority with regard to the feelings of my countrymen at large. There has not been before the world, for the last fifteen or sixteen years, a man for whose situation I have so deeply sympathized, as the President of the United States of America. I have bitterly mourned over the course taken by many of my countrymen, who, ignorant of the circumstances in which the President is placed, have censured his measures, brought unfounded charges against him, and rebuked him for weakness and hesitancy, when I had reason to believe that he was not justly liable to any of those imputations (hear, hear). Were this a mere formal toast, I should have declined to have any connection with it, in the way of recommending it to an audience like the present, because it is not my wont to discharge these mere formal duties; but I am here to declare my own conviction, that Mr. Lincoln is peculiarly entitled to our sympathies, our respect, and our admiration, whether he be regarded simply in his own private character, or as the elect of a great nation of free and united citizens, or in his peculiar situation as chief magistrate of the United States at this moment (cheers). On behalf of the people of this country I may take it upon myself to say that—whenever they are fairly and fully informed with regard to the circumstances in which Mr. Lincoln, as well as every subordinate office-bearer in the United States, is placed, by his obligations to observe the Constitution of that country, and by the very oath which he takes when he undertakes to serve that country—whenever the truth has been fairly and fully spoken there has been at once a withdrawal of those imputations that have been thrown upon the President. I believe that this country never fairly considered the circumstances under which Mr. Lincoln was elected, nor are they aware, as they should be, of the nature of the obligations he has assumed. The people of this country are but imperfectly acquainted with the Constitution of the country to which the majority of this assembly belong. Many have an impression that the chief magistrate is individually empowered to do whatsoever he pleases with regard to that great question which lies at the root of the present unhappy conflict, and that he may be censured if he does not exert that power. If they do not ascribe to the President that power, they at least believe that the Congress possesses it. Whenever they are told that neither the President nor the Congress has the power to do what it was always competent for our Parliament to do, seeing that they could determine whatever measure they pleased—whenever they are informed of the real state of the case, they can understand more clearly the circumstances in which the government of the United States is placed. With regard to the sympathy of the people of this country with the North, I assert that so far as the industrious classes are concerned, in all the meetings I have held, and in private intercourse with them, I have scarcely ever discovered, when the truth has been fairly placed before them, any difference with the people of the North now engaged in this fierce conflict (hear, hear). If anything would have tried the loyalty of the people to their principles in regard to freedom, it is the recent adversity that has come upon our manufacturing districts through the suspension, and, in fact, the entire stoppage, of one of the greatest branches of manufacture in this country. Yet from the various meetings which I have attended in Manchester and its neighborhood, I am able here to declare that there is the greatest and most noble spirit of self-denial amongst the working classes of this country (loud cheers). Again and again I have put the question pointedly and in the plainest and directest terms, "Will you hamper the government of the United States, and paralyse the people of the North, or at least distract their attention and engage them in two wars at the same time by a precipitate recognition of these seceded States, or by attempting to break the blockade of the Southern ports?" The reply has always been the same—"No" (cheers). There is not a sentiment in the English mind at this time more powerful, and more universal than the sentiment of entire non-interference in the present state of affairs (bear, hear). I said that Mr. Lincoln was entitled peculiarly to our sympathy. No other President of the United States—though each in his turn has had difficulties to contend with—was placed in circumstances so embarrassing as those in which Mr. Lincoln is placed. The Northern States have been charged with rashness; the war has been imputed to them; the vices, the want of integrity, and the treachery which are ascribable solely to the South, have been almost invariably ascribed to the North, or it has been attempted to be shown that they were equally conspicuous for those foibles with the South. But when we look at Mr. Lincoln, called to Washington at a time when secession was already resolved upon, and all the means of rendering it an accomplished fact taken when the act of secession had actually been made by some of the Southern States, finding himself in the Presidential chair at the head of a corrupted and in great part a treasonable army, with men around him in every department who were, many of them, declared enemies of the Constitution which he had sworn to preserve, we behold a man entitled under these circumstance to our collective and national sympathy (loud cheers). Whenever I have endeavored to judge the conduct of Mr. Lincoln, or of his government, I have felt it my duty to realize the circumstances in which they are placed, to ascertain carefully what are their true constitutional powers, and what are the limitations of those powers—to place myself in their circumstances, and to judge what I would do if I were so placed, not with reference to my hopes and wishes and inspirations, but with reference to my ability on the one hand, and my obligations on the other; when I have judged Mr. Lincoln by such a standard as this, he may not have done in every case that which I may have desired him to do, yet I am here prepared to say, that I congratulate my American brethren that they have in the person of Mr. Lincoln a person pre-eminently entitled to their warm attachment and most cordial support (loud cheers). No one can trace his history without speaking of him in terms of admiration. He was first of all dependent upon his own industry; he then successively became a soldier, a lawyer, a representative in Congress, and then President of the United States. Without abating one jot of my fervent loyalty to my own Sovereign, I congratulate you, that you live under institutions in America, which enable every fond mother, when she gazes on the face of her darling child, to see in him a possible heir apparent to the throne (laughter)—for I see it so in the case of Mr. Lincoln, and what has happened to that orphan child will, I hope, often happen to distinguished statesmen in those successive generations in which the Union will last (hear, hear). We are constantly told that what is going on in America is the result of democracy running to seed, and that all the successes of democracy are proving its absolute failure. If we are to judge of democracy by the fact that at the end of seventy-three years from the time the Constitution was adopted a dispute has arisen, what shall we say of monarchy on the continent of Europe? (Cheers.) I maintain that [illegible] glorious Union is disrupted, n[illegible] cause of [illegible] ure of democracy, but because of a [illegible] principles of democracy (cheers). W[illegible] of the Richmond papers some mon[illegible] programme of their new governmen[illegible] government army, a privileged class, a high q[illegible] tion for voters, and, in fine, nothing was wanting but a crown or a coronet to make it a monarchical government altogether. I maintain, sir, that these principles are not the principles of the great North, and that whatever disfigures the South, and disgraces the South, and brings upon it the just condemnation of mankind, is ascribable, not to democracy, but to the seed which was sown before the revolution itself, and which has grown into a monstrous and contemptible oligarchy (cheers). I will not touch upon the question to which Dr. Fergnson has so beautifully referred, nor will I again sound the praises of my own countrymen; but this I will say, sir, that I am from my own knowledge cognizant that there is at this time a larger number of persons interested in the cause of humanity and freedom in the South—men and women—who have made greater sacrifices and run more risks than ever existed in this country at any period of our anti-slavery existence (hear, hear). We are too much misled by individuals, and the statements of persons in authority. This is not the best mode of ascertaining the true state of the public mind in the Northern States. It is not from newspapers published in Philadelphia or Boston or New York, that you can ascertain the true feeling that prevails in the New England and other States. You can only get this information, as I have done, by travelling through those States, and ascertaining from the people, and judging from their own actions, what their real opinions are. I venture to express a hope that as events are now shaping themselves, and compelling statesmen to attend to them rather than control them, not only that your Union may be restored and certain of your stars which are now eclipsed may appear in the field more resplendent than ever, but that, when that happy day arrives, you may not only rejoice in the reëstablishment of the Union at present severed by traitorous hands, and of your unrivalled Constitution, but that you may find that you have not only restored the Union and recovered your status as a great nation, but in the progress and issue of this great war, you may secure also impartial and universal liberty (loud cheers). Of the success of the North I have no fear; I never had any fear (hear, hear). I could have had none unless I had lost all faith in human progress, and all belief in an overruling Providence. I know that the city of Boston alone could buy up North Carolina and all her slaves, and that New York could buy up Virginia and have 30 millions sterling to spare. I know the blighting influence of slavery in the South; but I s[illegible] in the North a display of virtue and a determinati[illegible] shall be [illegible] I cannot [illegible] the issue of this [illegible] (hear, hear). You m[illegible] have to struggle for a while, but the time is coming [illegible] the language of one of our poets:

"Like some tall cliff that rears its awful form,
Swells from the vale and midway meets the storm;
Though round its breast the gathering clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

The speaker resumed his seat amidst loud applause.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

BE YE FREE!

BY WILLIAM T. URQUHART.

A VOICE from Heaven is sounding unto this Western shore,
Its lofty tones reëcho the woods and waters o'er,
It thrills alike to ev'ry heart, it speaks to you and me;
Awaken, all ye people, arise and *be ye free!*

I hear it 'mid the forests where our pines in sadness wave,
And where grim Winter, shiv'ring, sits within his ice-bound cave;
Each eastern valley, smiling, sounds aloud the joyous strain,
And Alleghany's mountain tops echo the glad refrain.

I hear it by the watchfires on Potomac burning bright,
It sounds like silver clarion upon the ear of night;
I read it blazon'd on the flag whose silken folds still wave
Above our firm embattled hosts, the true-hearted and the brave.

I hear it mid the turmoil of the wild and desp'rate fight,
Its whispers steal around me in the long and gloomy night,
When on the late contested field, all strewn around I see
The corses lain of heroes slain, who died to make us free.

Vainly ye strive to check the flow of Freedom's onward stream,
Whose waves like liquid sunshine all with light and glory gleam;
Fix'd is the Heavenly purpose, changeless our God's decree,
Which speaks alike to all of us: ARISE, AND BE YE FREE!

EFFECTS OF SLAVERY ON WHITE MEN.

MR. G. BATELLE, a member of the Western Virginia Constitutional Convention, now in session at Wheeling, has published an address to that body on the Question of Emancipation, which is now before it. It is an excellent document, full of sound sense, and contains some reflections on the evil effects of the slave system on the freemen among whom it exists, which are most true, as every Southern man must admit.

Mr. Batelle says:

"The injuries which slavery inflicts upon our own people are manifold and obvious. It practically aims to enslave not merely another race, but our own race. It inserts in its bill of rights some very high sounding phrases securing the freedom of speech; and then practically and in detail puts a lock on every man's mouth and a seal on every man's lips who will not shout for and swear by the divinity of the system. It amuses the popular fancy with a few glittering generalities in the fundamental law about the liberty of the press, and forthwith usurps authority, even in times of peace, to send out its edict to every postmaster, whether in the village or at the cross roads, clothing him with a despotic and absolute censorship over one of the dearest rights of the citizen. It degrades labor by giving it the badge of servility; and it impedes enterprise by withholding its proper rewards. It alone has claimed exemption from the rule of uniform taxation; and then demanded and received the largest share of the proceeds of that taxation. Is it any wonder, in such a state of facts, that there are this day, of those who have been driven from Virginia, mainly by this system, men enough with their descendants, and means and energy, scattered through the West, of themselves to make no mean State? * * * * *

"It has been as a fellow observer, and I will add as a fellow sufferer, with the members of the Convention, that my judgment of the system of slavery among us has been formed. We have seen it seeking to inaugurate, in many instances, all too successfully, a reign of terror in times of profound peace, of which Austria might be ashamed. We have seen it year by year driving out from our genial climate, and fruitful soil, and exhaustless natural resources, some of the men of the very best energy, talent and skill among our population. We have seen also in times of peace, the liberty of speech taken away—the freedom of the press abolished—and the willing minions of this system, in hunting down their victims, spare from degradation and insult neither the young, nor the gray haired veteran of seventy winters, whose every thought was as free from offence against society as is that of the infant of days.

"And last but not least, we have seen its own chosen and favored interpreters, standing in the very sanctuaries of our political Zion, throughout the land, blaspheming the holy principles of popular liberty to which the very places where they stood had been consecrated, by dooming my child and every man's child that must live by labor to a virtual and helpless slavery. And as the natural outgrowth of all this, we have seen this huge barbaric raid against popular rights, and against the world's last hope. It has been the merit of other attempted revolutions that their motive at least was a reaching upward and forward after liberty; it is the infamy of this that it is a reaching backward and downward after despotism. It would put back the hand on the world's dial a thousand years. It would put out the world's light in the darkness of utter and dreary despair. Surely, to the extent that we have suffered from these ills, our very manhood calls upon us to guard, by all reasonable preventives, against their return."

THE REFUGEES AT ROANOKE.

ROANOKE ISLAND, March 3, 1862.

THUS far the number of fugitive slaves in our camps has not been large enough to make the matter of their maintenance a subject of prime importance. On Roanoke Island there were probably not more than seventy or eighty bondmen before our arrival, of whom the greater part are now in the harbor of refuge which our lines afford. Applications have been made by the owners for their rendition, but Gen. Burnside has uniformly refused to accede to the demand, turning a deaf ear even to the protestations of loyalty which they make, on the ground that if they had been really loyal, they would have shown it when we needed the assistance they could have rendered.

Several boat-loads of fugitives have come at different times from Elizabeth City, Plymouth, Edenton, and other places, to the northward, all of whom report that hundreds are hiding in the woods and swamps, in daily expectation of our arrival. In view of the probable large accessions to the number of our camp-followers, the contraband question promises to be as difficult of solution here as it has been else- [illegible] en to pro- [illegible] will arise. [illegible] and wo- [illegible] The for- [illegible] but the atte[illegible] by the benevolent. Donations of old apparel for males and females would be very acceptable to these persons; and as no depot has yet been established for the reception of such articles, perhaps the better plan would be to send them to the chaplains of the several regiments of this division for distribution. If we should remain stationary for any length of time on the main land, something will, no doubt, be done by the army chaplains toward the education of the contrabands, and it would be as well for the relief associations to provide for this contingency by sending with their hospital stores a number of primer-cards and spelling-books. We have all seen fugitives in Northern cities appealing for pecuniary relief, but the proportion of imposters is usually so large as to make a "runaway negro" rather an object of suspicion than of charity. It is quite another matter here in a slave State to see them coming by squads into camp, having braved the perils of starvation and capture in swamps, and of drowning by water, and asking simply for an asylum and work. I have been surprised to find how frequent the reply to my question as to the motive of their flight, has been "Why, mas'r, ef you was owned by a man who could sell you wife and chil'en any time, and make you work all de time, widout give you cent for youself, would'nt you try to run away for de sake of bein' Free Man?" There is something truly touching in the spectacle of these people risking all and leaving all for the sake of liberty, the nature of which they can never have understood, except by the instinct which God implanted in their breasts. Some of the more intelligent have rendered us valuable service already in piloting gunboats, informing us as to the strength and movements of the enemy, and giving the location and strength of fortifications.—*Tribune.*

REFUGEES FROM MANASSAS.

ONE correspondent, writing of the advance of the Union forces to Manassas, says: "Two or three families of contrabands passed Fairfax from Manassas together yesterday on their way to Washington. The party numbered seventeen persons in all. There were two infants in arms, and children from that size all the way up to adult stature. They said they had travelled about twenty-five miles, and had been supped, lodged and breakfasted by some of our soldiers camped here. One little girl, certainly not above ten in appearance, was carrying one of the infants, and a little fellow of about six was hiding [illegible] something nearly as big as [illegible] were loaded heavily with [illegible] cheerful, but timid. It is said from them was obtained the information of the evacuation of Manassas which led to the forward movement."

Another says: "Contrabands are pouring in from all directions, though mostly from the country just evacuated by the enemy, and consequently they cannot give us any information as to their present whereabouts and intentions. All are treated kindly, and sent to the rear unmolested. They are filled with the idea that we are marching down to free them, and think they need only wait and watch for their time. One group of sixteen passed up the road this morning, all sizes, all colors and all ages. 'Where are you going?' we asked, abruptly, 'Gwine to be free, massa; gwine North, bin waiting long while.' 'Yes, but you will starve; you cannot take care of yourself,' we replied. One old man spoke up and said he had 'to give his master eight dollars a month, and keep 'Becky and the children besides'; but we could not preserve a stern look, and he saw it. We asked who his master was? 'Major Porter—enlisted last summer in de boss company.' And so they passed on. They are but a sample of those who are now 'gwine to be free, massa!'"

Bayard Taylor writes to *The Tribune:* "Picking my way carefully through streets full of soldiers, I emerged from the village of Fairfax Court-house. The first sight that met my eyes was a family of contrabands, escorted by a troop of rejoicing soldiers. Cheers from the squads in the fields on either side sped the parting—chattels. First, marched Uncle Tom and Aunt Chloe, their sooty faces in a broad grin of unmitigated delight. After them trudged six or eight younger members of the family, carrying their scanty store of goods. 'Where do you come from?' I asked. 'From Virginia, Mas'r,' said a boy of twenty, touching his battered hat. He thought, evidently, that the Union lines were the boundaries of the State. I met three or four such families during the first mile, the cheers of the soldiers invariably announcing their approach.

"Riding down the track toward the Redan of this mythical Sevastopol [Manassas] we came upon a mulatto contraband, with an unusually bright and intelligent face. His story exactly confirms that of the first informant. The cattle, he says, were sent first, with one brigade, and ordered to wait at Culpepper Court-house, while the artillery was forwarded directly to Gordonsville. He thinks there were about 60,000 soldiers; at least, they said so.

"'Are you not going further North?' I asked.

"'Yes, massa, but I'se got a little interest here yet.'

"'What sort of an interest?'

"'Why, an interest, like.'

"'A family?' inquired an officer.

"'Not exactly dat, mas'r.'

"'Is it a young lady?'

"'Well—yah! Mas'r, dat's jist it!'"

Says another correspondent: "Contrabands and stragglers have been coming in all day yesterday, all confirming the unlooked-for flight which seems less improbable than had been supposed in view of the masterly outflanking process to which the rebels have yielded. I talked yesterday with half a dozen of these emigrants from Secessia, now dispatched to Washington, to repeat what they here volunteered, to the proper authorities.

"They were a picturesque group—six sturdy 'boys,' whose net value may have averaged a thousand dollars each, as 'God's image, carved in ebony,' is rated in the rapidly-lessening dominions of Davis. Roughly, but stoutly clad in homespun garments, and, with one exception, well shod, the eldest might have seen 40 years, the others averaging little more than 30. Thoroughly African in appearance, their black faces, and white, glistening teeth (the latter irresistibly suggestive of huge, closely-set grains of Indian corn), beamed with satisfaction at the successful result of their Hegira, as they leaned sunning themselves against the side of the house, answering the questions put to them, and laughing gleefully at the expense of their recent 'owners.'

"When I approached, the elder, a thickset, heavily-built negro, was displaying an old revolver, a 'five-shooter' of Colt's pattern, duly capped and loaded, and declaring that he had made up his mind before leaving Manassas to escape or die. He and his party reckoned they had ten shots among 'em. Directly they see how things was a goin', they determined to clear right out, and they done it too. They quit at night, took to the woods, and had to wade Occoquan Creek twice, 'up to here'—pointing to the waist. They heard the dogs after 'em, but wasn't afraid of them—not *nigger* dogs, you know, such as they hunts us with 'way down South—only sport dogs. They got through the pickets easy (through our pickets, too, they might have added, for we heard nothing of them until they presented themselves at headquarters)—knowing the country. He, the principal speaker, quit on Thursday night. Then our side—the rebels, sir,—was busy leavin', he reckoned they had all gone, now. They was all kinds, Mississippians, Virginians, North Carolinians, and Georgians. They had taken the cannon away, too. Most of 'em was pretty well armed with Enfield rifles or shot-guns, but some had only knives and hickory clubs. An Arkansas company fought only with bowie-knives—'them choppers, you know—they went right in with 'em.' They were pretty well clad and fed, had fresh pork and bread, but no coffee for a long time, and no salt. Nearly all on 'em, even the privates, had niggers to wait on 'em (?)—they couldn't get along no how without *us*. The colored people knew what was goin' on, but they had to keep mighty quiet about it. Everybody said the rebellion was gone up—caved in, though 'the Secesh' thought a good deal of Beauregard and Davis—'specially Beauregard. They got news of all the movements of the Union troops, and obtained the Northern papers regularly.

"I mentioned the tenor of President Lincoln's recent emancipation message, and asked whether the speaker thought it probable under any circumstances that the South would attempt the abolition of slavery. The answer was emphatic: 'No sar! dey dig us under de ground fust!' There were some black regiments, composed, my informant believed, of free negroes, but not at Manassas; plenty of them down South, guarding the coasts. All the colored folks were for the Union, 'Of course, sar; dey believe God's goin' to set 'em free.' They had heard of John Brown and of the song about him; he was the bravest man that ever lived.

"Humanely apprehensive for the well-being and future prospects of this dusky chattel—who, as he stated, was a Kentuckian born, a Mississippian by compulsory adoption, and, four days ago, a slave of one John Calhoun of Claiborne County, in that repudiatory State—I inquired how he proposed to maintain himself. He smiled—his smile rippled into a grin—and he responded: That he was All Right; that he had raised garden truck, and perfectly understood carpentering. And, really, he seemed quite ready to launch himself upon the untried experiment of individual responsibility, on the strength of these ridiculous accomplishments. I wonder if his ex-master could get along in the world as well, were he cast adrift in a similar manner."

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

MENE, MENE.

"God hath numbered . . . . . and finished it."—*Daniel* 5, 26.

MENE! but this was not the word he wrote
Upon the whitened wall,
The word which filled with dread, condemning light
The Babylonian hall.
He traced a word of love, a name of power:
"Jesus," he turned to say,
And dark eyes drank it in as some new sun
Had risen on their way.

They saw that only he whose fingers wrote
The Name all names above,
And those who dwelt upon it, eyes and lips
With such an awe of love,
There came no shadow to the Southern sky,
No presence on the air,
No terror to those loving hearts, and yet—
Was there no angel there?

Unseen, unthought of, writing on the wall,
A spirit hand moved slow,
And traced the Mene! Mene! numbered! done!
That holy name below.
And from the hour the Chaldean despot sank
In helplessness of fear,
Those words have ushered in the doom of wrong,
Foretold the Avenger near.

So is it now! Write: Mene, numbered, past,
Tyrant, thy time to reign,
Thou shalt lie low amid the multitude
By Right and Justice slain.
Who weeps thy downfall? Not thy timid slave,
Whose eyes with joy grow dim,
Not saints whose lips have changed the dying prayer
For heaven's Glory-hymn.

Mene! repeat it. Numbered, finished, past,
Downtrodden race of woe,
Are your long years of bitter servitude
Beneath a South sun's glow;
Your God has numbered every grief you felt,
Has counted every prayer,
And in the fullness of the time comes down—
Ay, Mene! write it there.

Mene! what is its burden to the North?
God numbers back again
To us each woe we added to the slave,
Each rivet in his chain.
Finished, the hour of His forbearing grace;
Yet willingly we drink
The wrath cup of His justice which our sins
Are filling to the brink.

A farther meaning to that word: God counts
Each Northern martyr's grave,
Each lip that speaks His truth against ourselves,
Each heart-beat for the slave.
Finished! the sin, the shame. North hands shall make
Atonement for the wrong,
North lips shall sanctify their country's life
By Freedom's deathless song.

ELLEN.

THE LAST DAYS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

QUEEN Elizabeth dies, and dies of grief. It has been the fashion to attribute to her—I know not why—remorse for Essex's death; and the foolish and false tale about Lady Nottingham and the ring has been accepted as history. The facts seem to be that she never held up her head after Burleigh's death. She could not speak of him without tears; forbade his name to be mentioned in the council. No wonder; never had a mistress a better servant. For nearly half a century have those two noble souls loved each other, trusted each other, worked with each other; and God's blessing has been on their deeds; and now the faithful God-fearing man has gone to his reward; and she is growing old, and knows that the ancient fire is dying out in her; and who will be to her what he was? Burckhurst is a good man, and one of her old pupils, and she makes him Lord Treasurer in Burleigh's place; but beyond that, all is dark. "I am a miserable, forlorn woman; there is none about me that I can trust."

She sees through false Cecil; through false Henry Howard. Essex has proved himself worthless, and pays the penalty of his sins. Men are growing worse than their fathers. Spanish gold is bringing in luxury and sin. The last ten years of her reign are years of decadence, profligacy, falsehood; and she cannot but see it. Tyrone's rebellion is the last drop that fills the cup. After fifty years of war, after a drain of money all but fabulous, expended on keeping Ireland quiet, the volcano burst forth again just as it seemed extinguished, more fiercely than ever, and the whole work has to be done over again, when there is neither time nor a man to do it. And ahead, what hope is there for England? Who will be her successor? She knows in her heart that it will be James, but she cannot bring herself to name him.

To bequeath the fruit of her labors to a tyrant, a liar, and a coward! (for she knows the man but too well) is too hideous to be faced. This is the end. then? "Oh, that I were a milke-maide, with paile upon mine arm!" But it cannot be. It never could have been; and she must endure to the end. "Therefore, I hated life; yea, I hated all my labor which I had taken under the sun, because I should leave it to the man that shall be after me. And who knows whether he shall be a wise man or a fool? Yet shall he have rule over all my labor wherein I have showed myself wise, in wisdom, and knowledge, and equity. Vanity of vanities, and vexation of spirit!" And so, with the whole book of Ecclesiastes written on that mighty heart, the old lioness coils herself up in her lair, refuses food and dies. We know few passages in the world's history so tragic as that death.—*Kingsley's Miscellany.*

INTELLECTUAL ABILITY OF THE AFRICAN.

REV. DR. J. L. WILSON, late Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Missions, and who was himself a missionary for twenty years on the coast of Africa, in his work on Western Africa thus gives his impression of the capacity of that race. While admitting that they are ignorant, superstitious and demoralized, he contends that it is the circumstances of their heathenism, and not anything inherently pertaining to them as a race, and that there is no obstacle to their elevation which would not apply equally to all other uncultivated races. He says: "Compared with the civilized nations of the earth, their deficiencies are palpable enough; but compared with the South Sea Islanders previous to the period when they were brought under the influence of Christianity, the Indian tribes of our own country, who had never enjoyed the blessings of education, or even with the great masses of the ignorant poor who throng all the great cities of the civilized world, they do not appear to any disadvantage whatever. No one can live among them without being impressed with their natural energy of character, their shrewdness and close observation, the skill and cunning with which they can drive a bargain, and the perfect adroitness with which they practise upon the unsuspecting credulity of white men. Very few white men have ever had any considerable dealing with them who cannot recount innumerable instances in which they have been over-reached, even when they were exercising the utmost vigilance; and such is their closeness of observation, that they will ordinarily find out much more about the general character and disposition of a white man in a few hours, than he will of them in as many months or years." Dr. Wilson concludes that when brought under the benign influence of Christianity, the African exemplifies the beauty and consistency of religion more than perhaps any other human being on the face of the earth.

ST. PETER'S TOE.—The statute of Jupiter Tonans, converted into St. Peter, had its toe put into constant requisition, as all the lower orders, and many of the higher, kissed it, and pressed it against their forehead; all however, carefully wiping the toe first, to preserve their lips and foreheads from the spittle of the devout who had preceded them. A young urchin of a child was held up to kiss the toe, but he squalled and kicked, and cried; and, notwithstanding the exertions and wrath of his mother, would not be persuaded to kiss the black statue's black toe. Two handsome girls, apparently the daughters of a substantial tradesman, were lugged about from shrine to shrine, by their pious father, kneeling and praying, and at last finishing the whole by kissing the holy foot. The father went doggedly on, but the girls followed, quizzing him and laughing to each other; and, when they knelt behind him, kept looking about at the passers-by, instead of saying their prayers. I was close by the statue, and the grimace which each made as the toe came near their lips, and the care they took to make-believe and not touch the toe, formed a good comment on the duty and its objects.—*Duke of Buckingham's Private Diary.*

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